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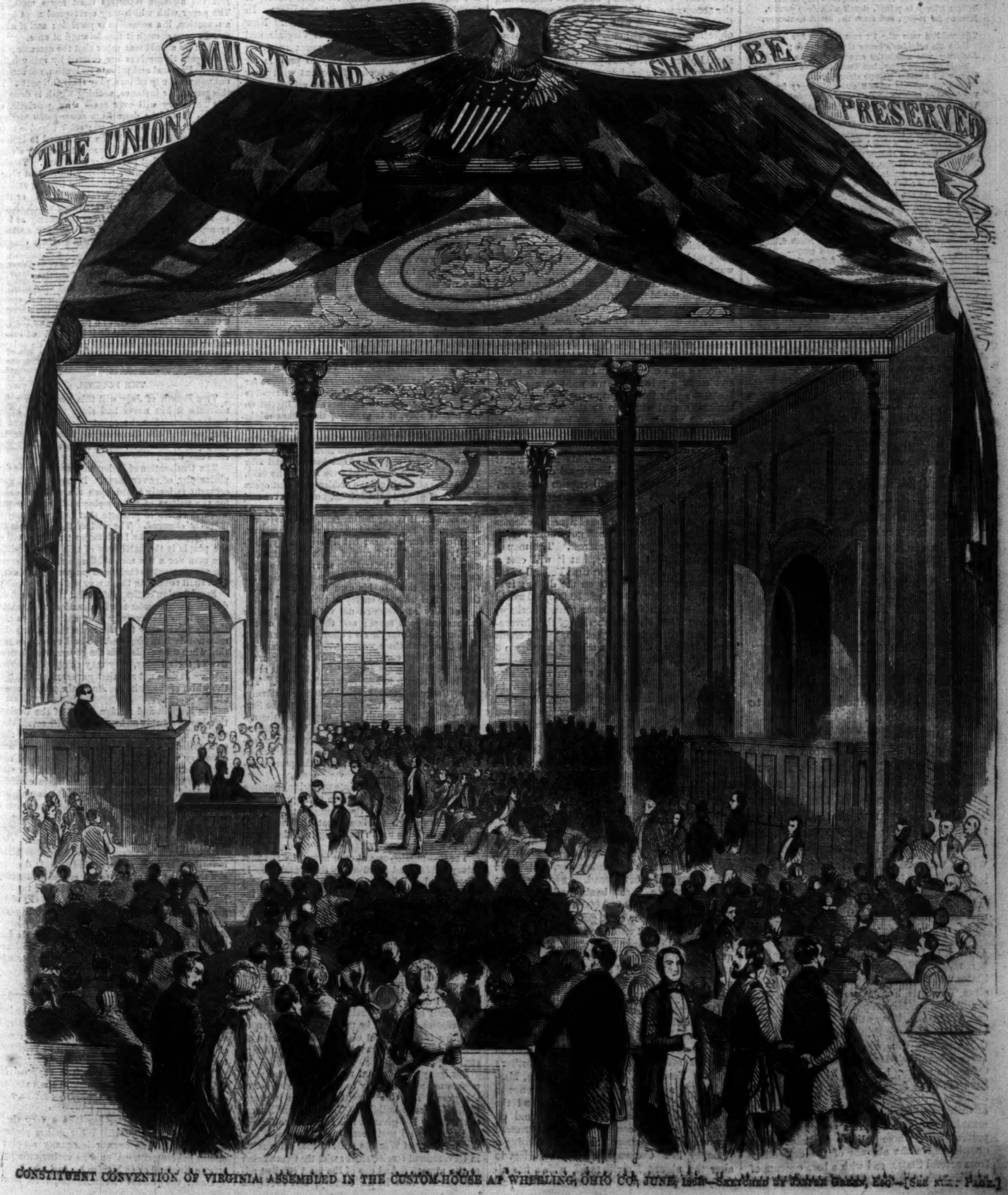

THE UNION MUST, AND SHALL BE PRESERVED

CONSTITUENT CONVENTION OF VIRGINIA, ASSEMBLED IN THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AT WHEELING, OHIO CO., JUNE, 1861.—SKETCHED BY JASPER GREEN, ESQ.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE WHEELING CONVENTION.

On the preceding page we illustrate the WHEELING CONVENTION, which has very properly assumed control of the destinies of Virginia, and deposed the present rebel State Government. The following memorandum will show the importance of its proceedings:

> The Wheeling Convention, after occupying nearly an entire day in debating the ordinance for reorganizing the State Government, finally adopted it—73 to 3. The principal discussion was upon a proposed amendment, providing that no one who voted for secession should be allowed to hold office in the State during the war. It was rejected—66 to 10. The ordinance as passed provides for the entire reorganization of the Government—every officer to be obliged to swear allegiance anew to the United States, and to repudiate the acts of the Richmond Convention. The next business before the Convention was the choice of a new Governor and Council; and for the former FRANK PIERPONT, of Marion, was selected.

THE WAR.

—FORT SUMTER taken! and its siege will fill
No bloody chronicles in after-time.
It was a tame bombardment, if you will,
But in its consequences how sublime!
The first boom of the cannon sent a thrill
Not through the North alone, for every clime
Where liberty is prized, struck with deep sorrow,
Mourns for to-day, and fears the dread to-morrow.

The reckless man who for revenge sets fire
Unto his neighbor's house alarms a town;
And they who watch the ascending sparks admire
Their brilliant glare, but dread their coming down:
So now all anxious Europe shows desire
That War should smooth away his angry frown;
For burning Sumter spreads wide consternation—
Who knows how far may sweep the conflagration?

The call to arms is answered; ne'er before,
In the world's history, answered with such will.
From the Pacific to the Atlantic shore,
From Oregon to Maine, the cry is, "Still
They come!" Fearless, the hurried partings o'er,
They haste to battle, innocent of drill
And discipline; but theirs is the just cause,
And stern resolve to vindicate their laws.

Their country's past incites to deeds of glory,
Its present dangers nerve the arm unwilling.
Of Southern treachery the shameful story,
With sorrow and dismay the great North filling,
Forebodes a coming conflict, dire and gory—
E'en now his weeping country feels a thrilling
Horror at Ellsworth's death, which bids the fire
Of passion burn to a relentless ire.

When war is kindled, every blow adds fuel
Unto the flames of vengeance, as the sight
Of blood drawn from a party in a duel
Enrages him that suffers: 'tis but right
A cruel Nemesis should find the cruel;
And they who show no mercy in their might
Can not expect it in their hour of need—
Swift on her course does Retribution speed.

MONTREAL, 18th June, 1861.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861.

A NEW SERIAL BY BULWER.

MR. CHAS. DICKENS's admirable Tale "GREAT EXPECTATIONS" will be concluded in No. 240 of *Harper's Weekly*.

We have the pleasure of announcing that it will be followed by the commencement of

A NEW SERIAL TALE
BY
SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER,
ENTITLED
"A STRANGE STORY,"

which will be continued from week to week till completed.

The unrivaled merit of the latest works of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer justifies the assertion that his power as a Novelist is steadily on the increase, and warrants the belief that his new Tale will be even more thrillingly interesting than "WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?" or "MY NOVEL"—both of which were read by at least half a million of people in this country.

See TERMS *to Subscribers on page* 431.

THE EXTRA SESSION.

ON 4th of July—within a week—Congress meets at Washington in extra session. Ten States will be unrepresented, to wit: North Carolina, Tennessee, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas. But as there is no provision in the Constitution requiring every State to send delegations to Congress—all that is required being a bare majority of members entitled to seats—the measures adopted by that body will have the same force and effect in the seceded States as if their people had availed themselves of their constitutional privilege of being represented. The first Congress passed many important laws, whose validity has never been questioned, in the absence of the delegations from several States, and with a bare quorum of members.

Virginia will be represented in both Houses. The Convention now in session at Wheeling will elect senators, and provide for the election of representatives; and the two Houses, which are the sole judges of the "elections, returns, and qualifications of their members," will doubtless admit them without debate.

No Congress that ever met will have so grave a task to perform as this one. Under the imbecile, corrupt, and traitorous Administration of Mr. Buchanan, the last Congress adjourned without legislating for the crisis; even the Force Bill, introduced by Mr. Stanton from the Committee on Military Affairs, was defeated, mainly through the efforts of our excellent townsman, Mr. John Cochrane, who, we notice, has since repented, and now tenders a regiment to Mr. Lincoln.

The measures which will engage the attention of Congress naturally class themselves under four heads:

1. THE ARMY.—An Act must be passed authorizing a permanent increase of the regular army to at least the figure indicated by the President—45,000 men; and also authorizing the acceptance of Volunteers for three years or the war. This act will doubtless pass without objection, and we will only offer two suggestions in regard to it. In the first place, Congress should place it out of the power of the War Department to confer important commands on civilians or politicians, and should insist on every regiment and brigade being commanded by men of large military experience: let our defeat at Great Bethel teach us this much at least. And, secondly, there should be no stint to the number of volunteers whom the President may accept. It is cheaper, more humane, more advantageous in every way to settle this question this year with an army of 300,000 men, than it would be to wage war for three or four years with an army of 100,000 or 150,000.

2. THE NAVY.—A bill will be introduced adding at least 18,000 men to the Navy, and authorizing the construction of vessels of war. This subject, again, will probably elicit no very warm discussion. It may be worth while to observe that between the capes of the Chesapeake and the Mexican frontier there is but one harbor—Pensacola—into which our favorite sloops of war can find admittance. There is not water enough on the bar at Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, or New Orleans for any of them to pass it. If, therefore, our blockade is to be thorough and effective, and if we are to chase and capture privateers, we want steam gunboats, drawing from eight to twelve feet of water, and armed with two or three rifled guns. Of these we should have not less than fifty. England has some two hundred of such craft, and finds them useful and economical.

3. WAYS AND MEANS.—This is a subject which is likely to provoke a good deal of discussion. Government will require this year, over and above the ordinary revenues, from $100,000,000 to $150,000,000. How is this money to be raised? Various financial schemes are suggested. One is to sell government stock bearing 6 or 7 per cent. interest. The money can be raised in this way, but it will cost a heavy sum. At the present time Federal Sixes are worth about 83½ cents on the dollar; it is believed that a fresh issue of $50,000,000 would depreciate them fully 20 per cent. Perhaps, however, if the ultimate success of the Government were made palpably certain, public credit would improve. Another scheme is to issue 6 per cent. Treasury Notes for small sums—say $50 and $25. We doubt very much whether any large amount of such notes could be put in circulation without fatally injuring the public credit. To pay troops and purveyors in such Treasury Notes would amount practically to a suspension of specie payments—which would injure our credit irreparably. And it is evidently preposterous to expect the public at large to take Treasury Notes at par, when they can get government bonds bearing the same rate of interest at a heavy discount. Another scheme is to issue Treasury Notes bearing 8 or 10 per cent. interest. This, again, is paying rather high for money. And the mere mention of such exorbitant rates of interest as 8 and 10 per cent. is suggestive of bankruptcy, and would have a very bad effect abroad. Another scheme is to charter a great bank, and to borrow $50,000,000 or $100,000,000 from it, paying for the loan in 6 per cent. government stock at par. Such a bank would be authorized to issue notes for all the Government stock it held. The question with regard to this scheme is, where would such a bank find stockholders, and where would its profits come from? These and other similar projects will doubtless be fully ventilated by Congress, and one of them will be adopted. Probably the very best method of raising money would be for the General Government to authorize the issue of Federal bonds, to be indorsed afterward by the several Northern States. New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Illinois could afford at once to indorse each $10,000,000 of bonds, and the other loyal States smaller amounts; and on these terms money could probably be borrowed at a very small discount indeed. In passing a "money bill" Congress must not neglect to alter the absurd Morrill tariff, which has already—as was foretold at the time of its passage—reduced the Customs revenue to a nominal figure, and disgusted our friends in Europe. We must now have a revenue tariff; one that will not exclude imports, but one which will bring a round sum monthly into the Treasury, and will leave the makers of wood-screws, carpets, and steel to rely on their own merits. Tea, coffee, and sugar should pay their share of taxes; and foreign manufactures should be allowed to swell the national income.

4. THE SLAVERY QUESTION.—This, without doubt, will be the most difficult problem with which Congress will have to grapple. And yet it can not be neglected. As was clearly foreseen at the outbreak of hostilities, wherever our armies march slavery disappears before them. Not that our troops are necessarily abolitionists. But the slaves run away or are abandoned as the troops approach. An old negro found at Hampton by one of our regiments, the other day, being asked if he had run away from his master, replied, "No; massa ran away from me!" It must be so throughout the revolted section of the country. As our armies advance the masters will run away from the slaves, or the slaves will run away from the masters. In either event the result will be the same. Now so long as we are on the border of Virginia, and the runaways and derelicts amount to a few hundred in number, it is easy to provide for them, and to keep books of account with their reputed owners. But when the refugees are counted by thousands and tens of thousands what is to be done with them? This is a question which should not be left to the discretion of the Federal commanders. Men's opinions will differ: Government should have a uniform policy. The people of the North, moreover, who will be sorely taxed to provide means to put down this rebellion, have a right to know whether any part of their money will be used for the support of thousands of fugitive slaves who, after the war, are to be returned to their conquered owners. The question, we admit, is very embarrassing. Every possible solution presents grave difficulties. But it is the duty of Congress to decide it one way or another, and we trust members will go to Washington prepared to assume the responsibility.

THE LOUNGER.

THE HEALTH OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

IN a regular army four soldiers die of disease for one that falls in battle. If there are forty-five thousand volunteers in and near Washington on the first of July, it is probable that there might not be more than twenty thousand on the first of October, even if no battle were fought. Of a Southern regiment which went into Mexico some eight hundred strong, only about one hundred and fifty returned, yet not a hundred were lost in the field. The horror of war is not the sudden shot that opens the gate of glory to the soldier, but the fever and wasting disease that slowly eats his life away. At this moment it is not Beauregard, nor Davis, nor Johnson, nor Bragg, nor Lee who most dangerously threaten our soldiers; but it is dysentery, cholera, typhus, and all forms of acute and fatal disease. These are the terrible warriors who fight against each side, and he is the masterly General who defeats them in his own camp, and leaves them to deal with the enemy in theirs.

But they are defeated not with arms, but by science and good sense; and the purpose of the *Sanitary Commission for the Volunteer regiments* is to fight them with these weapons. The Sanitary department which cared for our little regular army is not prepared to act adequately when that army swells in a month to hundreds of thousands. The acting Surgeon-General of the United States Army, Dr. Wood, therefore addressed a letter to the Secretary of War, a month since, requesting the appointment of a Sanitary Board of Consultation with regard to the necessary measures for the continued health of the whole force of the United States. It was to be auxiliary to the present department.

The good sense and absolute necessity of such a Commission are too apparent to be argued. The frightful experience of the English army in the Crimea is enough to show what the regiments which daily leave us are marching to, if the proper care is not taken.

The Commission was at once named by the Secretary of War, and approved by the President. It is composed of thirteen gentlemen, seven of whom are of the medical profession; three of whom, including the acting surgeon, belong to the army. These gentlemen have no axes to grind of any kind. They are not politicians. They are all men of known ability in various vocations in different parts of the country. They thoroughly comprehend their work; they are anxious to do it: and they do it entirely without salary, and purely for the love of the country, the citizens, and the cause. But they want money, of course, to pay permanent agents at Washington and other military centres, who will be men, not only of proper scientific education, but of practical executive efficiency in details. Traveling expenses, printing, etc., must be paid for.

For many very evident reasons the Commission prefers to appeal directly to the public and not to Congress. The Government has given it rooms in the Treasury building. The Surgeon-General of the Army has given it full authority to inspect and examine all posts, camps, and hospitals; and the Secretary of War has ordered that all persons in Government service shall assist the Commission to the utmost. And one of the most efficient administrative men in the country, Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, the Architect-in-chief of the Central Park, will serve as Resident Secretary and General Agent in Washington.

There is no department of service in the war that will be more beneficial than this, if it be furnished the means to work. If it is enabled to do what it can do, it will save twenty thousand out of every hundred thousand lives that are offered for the war, which would otherwise be lost from exposure and disease.

It is not a charity; it is a duty, as all great humane efforts are. Whoever wishes to do his or her share may send subscriptions or donations to the treasurer, George J. Strong, 68 Wall Street, New York.

KEEPING COOL.

WE can not too constantly remember, in this mid-summer heat of excitement, that the reports which so often discourage and dismay us are only the surmises and speculations of persons who are not likely to be intrusted with state and military secrets. Doubtless the authorities at Washington are as incessantly engaged in defending themselves from the telegraph reporters to the newspapers as in guarding the capital from rebellious assault. But the amiable reporters must say something. The paper with which they correspond must have a sensation, if a sensation is possible; and if a rumor be racy enough it flies forward at once.

Then we should remember that the comments of the papers themselves are colored by many influences. Personal and private jealousies, not utterly unknown even to editors, play their full parts. To this paper, for instance, nothing which is done by this Secretary will ever seem wise, patriotic, or noble. It will be done from some mean motive. Some contract is to be helped; some friend is to be served; until at length you are forced to believe that the paper would rather see the country ruined than saved by that particular Secretary. To that paper, again, the entire military movement seems slow and ineffective. It publishes leading articles containing details of the weakness of this or that position upon our side. Every thing which should be as carefully concealed from the enemy as it is promptly communicated to our military authorities, is paraded in the paper, while rebels chuckle and patriots look grave.

The position of our Government is very disagreeable, because this constant fret of captious and ill-informed criticism begets doubt and discontent in the public mind. A truly patriotic journal, appreciating the inevitable difficulties of the Government, understanding that no paper knows the actual intentions of the Administration, will help rather than hinder, and will postpone its private quarrels until the public welfare is secured.

THE FOURTH.

THE Fourth of July will this year have a significance it has never had since the year of the Declaration. For the country is now engaged in proving that the Government founded upon the principles of that instrument is more vitally strong than any other.

The Declaration of Independence contains a new philosophy of government. It asserts that government is justly based upon the will and exists for the welfare of the people; and therefore that when it ceases to promote that welfare it may be properly changed. The will of the people is the great doctrine of the Declaration; and the will of the people is the battle-cry of this war. Neither one man nor a few men shall successfully pervert the government to their own purposes; but every man shall submit to the law or suffer the penalty.

Some foreign critics profess that they can not understand why, under the Declaration, any number of people in this country may not refuse to obey the laws. Simply for the same reason that they may not do it in England. The Declaration says that when the people finds the government destructive of their rights, they may change the government. It does not say that government exists by the whim of the citizen. And "the people" means all the people.

The English and foreign critics of the Declaration have probably no knowledge of its actual character. Even Mr. Choate, in a burst of fiery rhetoric, called it "the passionate manifesto of a revolutionary war." There could not be a more curiously untrue statement. Of all important state papers upon record, there is none more carefully considered than this. Every word is weighed. Every principle is proved. Every assertion is verified. There is nothing said in it that was not meant. It begins by declaring that all men are created equal, and it means precisely that. Otherwise the whole system of government it founds is futile. It declares no absurdity. It does not say that all men are of equal capacity any more than of equal stature. The equality of the Declaration is the equality of rights. And our struggle now is to maintain those rights, and to vindicate the will of the people.

On the Fourth of July let every man in the land read and ponder the Declaration of Independence, and he will find both his heart and hand stronger in the good old cause of the people.

THE NEXT QUESTION.

CAN the duty of every citizen to obey the laws of the land, or pay the penalty of disobedience, be a matter of compromise? He may choose between obedience and the penalty, but shall he be allowed to set the laws aside by force?

This is the question which it is supposed Mr. Crittenden will ask the country at the extra session. And it is further supposed that he relies upon "property" to sustain him.

Every property-holder has then a very simple question to ask himself. What makes property most secure? The answer is equally simple; a strong government. Would he rather own property in England or in Mexico? And why?

Under the present circumstances, then, how is our Government to be made strongest? by putting down rebellion unconditionally, or by treating with armed rebels? Grant that civil war is frightful; which is preferable, civil war or anarchy? Did England act unwisely or inhumanly when she expelled James Second by the strong hand and established William Third. The knife is a sharp remedy, but mortification of the limb is a worse evil.

Is it for the interest of "property" as well as all other elements of national vigor and permanence that the disease of treason shall be cut off the body of this country, or plastered and oiled over? Men of wealth hope to leave it to those who follow them. Do they wish to leave their children, also, a worse war than this?

The leaders of the rebellion, the chief public men of the Slave States, have long openly avowed loyalty to their States first, and then to the Confederation, as they have generally preferred to call the Union. In the speech of Mr. A. H. Stephens, the "Vice-President" of the Confederate Slave States, delivered at Augusta upon his retirement from Congress, and as he thought from public life, in June, 1859, he says: "As matters now stand, so far as the sectional questions are concerned, I see no cause of danger either to the Union or Southern security in it. *The former has always been with me, and ought to be with you, subordinate to the latter.*"

Mr. Stephens is now in armed rebellion against the Government of the United States. His position now and his principles then are plain enough. He frankly says that he acknowledges a political allegiance paramount to that he owes the Government of his country. To assert that allegiance he takes up arms against his country. Will Mr. Crittenden, or any body else, explain what *compromise* is possible with such a man? Yet Mr. Stephens was called a Union man, and a moderate, "conservative" man, as late as November of last year.

Mr. Stephens undoubtedly represents the position of most of the men in this rebellion who have any ideas upon the subject, beyond the pleasing popular conviction that one Southern "gentleman" can whip a dozen Northern mud-sills with his left little finger. Suppose that Mr. Crittenden, supported by the "property" interest, succeeds in compromising with Mr. Stephens. Will they insist as a preliminary that he shall unconditionally recognize the Government, or will they allow that his allegiance to the nation may be "subordinate" to his loyalty to Georgia? Where does the compromise come in?

It will not suffice that the Government promises Mr. Stephens that there shall be no more discussion of slavery. Whether slavery is or is not discussed, does Mr. Stephens propose to be true to the Government? That is the question. Or is the compromise to consist of his agreement to be faithful to the Government so long as nothing is said or done about slavery? And do capitalists think that such a compromise would secure their property?

In a word, is the Government of the United States to buy the allegiance of citizens by promising not to discuss certain public questions?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE BONES OF WASHINGTON.

[*From Punch.*]

A YEAR ago, and by the maples brown,
  O'erhanging swift Potomac's broadened wave,
Bareheaded stood the heir of England's crown,
  By the poor stone that shuts an ill-kept grave,
Giving meet reverence to the dead that lay
  Beneath the stripes and stars carved on that stone,
Which nothing of inscription doth display
  To mar the majesty that broods upon
  The ten plain letters spelling WASHINGTON.

England's crown-princes at this arch-rebel's tomb,
  First Magistrate twice-chosen of the States
That rose impatient for more elbow-room,
  And flung the English crown out of their gates.
The contrast of those times and these so shows
  In this respect of Prince for President,
That e'en the trite prize-poem-maker flows,
  Into some lines of grave and deep intent,
  Describing that young head in solemn reverence bent.

Passed there a stir from wasting bone to bone,
  Ran there a thrill through the great chief's gray dust,
That the old king's great grandson by his stone
  Should bow the head, owning him great and just?
Hovered his placid spirit near and blest
  That latest victory of truth o'er time,
When discords, slow but sure resolved, attest
  The high and holy harmonies which chime
  Their broader music through the spheres sublime?

Or was there foresight of the woe to be
  Before the lapse of twelve months and a day?
Was that great spirit prescient to see
  The stripes and stars torn from that flag away?
To know the work that he had lived to do,
  And saw and said, was good, before he died,
Undone—his glorious Union cleft in two,
  And cleaving more and more on every side,
  Till none can say how far the fragments may divide.

Saw he the day that we see with amaze,
  When those to whom his life from youth he gave,
His own Virginians, his dust should raise,
  Out of the shelter of that sacred grave;
Regardless of the curse that lies on those
  Whose hands disturb even the common dead!
Brothers from brothers bearing, as from foes,
  His bones that oft their sires to battle led,
  Who now draw impious swords, near his dishonored bed?

TO ACTORS WHO ARE NOT WORTH A THOUGHT.—We notice that there is a book called "Acting and Thinking." This is to distinguish it, we imagine, from the generality of Acting, in which there is mostly no Thinking.

RURAL INSANITY.—A country correspondent, who seems anxious to be kicked, writes that diving for an egg in a cool stream this warm weather is a process he has found to be egg-streamly pleasant.

THE MOST IMPORTANT ORDER OF THE DAY.—What to order for dinner.

MEDICAL REFORM.—We take the liberty of asking Apothecaries' Hall—or, more properly speaking, we pay them the compliment of putting to them—the following question, which, we hope, they will not absurdly consider in the light of "throwing physic to the dogs:" Since Quinine is made from Bark, would it not sound better, and the meaning of it be more sound altogether, to call it "CANINE?" An answer, in the shape of an amended label, will oblige.

SHOCKING KNOWLEDGE.—Personal acquaintance with a galvanic battery.

While thousands fall by clashing swords, ten thousands fall by corset-boards; yet giddy females (thoughtless train!) for the sake of fashion yield to pain.

"Shall you be at the May meeting?" said a pious rector to his subordinate. "Oh! dear, no, Sir," replied the cautious curate, suspecting a trap; "I never go to races now."

Such was the spirit of opposition between the proprietors of two rival coaches, that one was lately advertised to carry passengers to Liverpool at the following rates: "Inside, what you please; outside, ditto!" This seemed to carry the matter as far as it would go; but the other party were not to be discouraged, and in a short time they issued placards, stating that their coach would take passengers at the following rates: "Inside, nothing at all, and a bottle of wine included; outside, ditto, ditto!"

If you and your sweet-heart vote upon the marriage question, you for it and she against it, don't flatter yourself as to its being a *tie*.

A lady making inquiries of a boy about his father, an intemperate man, who had been sick for some time, asked whether he had regained his appetite. "No, ma'am," said the boy, "not exactly; his appetite is very poor, but his *drinkatite* is as good as ever."

A schoolmaster asked one of his boys, on a cold winter morning, what was the Latin word for cold. The boy hesitated a little, when the master said—"What, sirrah, can't you tell?" "Yes, Sir," said the boy, "I have it at my *finger ends*."

James Smith used to tell, with great glee, a story showing the general conviction of dislike to ruralities. He was sitting in the library at a country house, when a gentleman proposed a quiet stroll in the pleasure-grounds. "Stroll! why, don't you see my gouty shoe?" "Yes, I see that plain enough, and I wish I'd brought one too; but they are all out now." "Well, and what then?" "What then? Why, my dear fellow, you don't mean to say that you really have got the gout? I thought you had only put on that shoe to get off being shown over the improvements."

Dr. Madden, when in the West Indies, one day undertook to read the burial service over a negro, which was listened to with great attention. But when the doctor came to the part of "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," the negro who officiated as sexton, and was prepared with a spade of earth for the usual ceremony, interrupted him with an intimation that he had neglected to order the coffin to be put down first: "Put him in de hole first, massa—always put him in de hole first."

The Moon, like certain politicians, changes every thirty days, when she looks at things in general with quite a new face. If a fact were wanting to determine the sex of the moon, it would be found in her obstinacy about her age. Like most ladies, she is never more than a day older than thirty.

A RULING PASSION.—There is a story of an old abbé who had invited a friend to partake of a dish of ortolans. He preferred them done in butter, his friend in oil, and directions had been given. The friend came early, and, while talking, fell down in a fit and shortly died. As not a moment was to be lost, the abbé ran to the head of the stairs, and called out, "Do them all in butter!" He then took measures for the proper disposal of his guest.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE BATTLE OF BOONVILLE.

A DISPATCH to the St. Louis *Republican*, dated Jefferson City, June 19, gives the following version of the battle at Boonville:

The United States troops landed at a wood-yard, about five miles this side of Boonville, and one mile below the encampment of the State troops; the latter had a battery near Boonville pointed toward the river, but it was circumvented by the United States troops, and proved perfectly useless. Immediately after landing, the United States troops advanced upon the State troops, who met them in a lane, and here the firing commenced. After a short skirmish the United States troops retreated into a wheat-field, whither they were followed in hot haste by the State troops, who undoubtedly thought they had the advantage over the enemy, but it appeared that this movement on the part of the United States troops was only a stratagem. They had no sooner taken a stand in the wheat-field than they opened a most destructive fire upon the State troops, killing many, and utterly confusing and disconcerting the remainder. After the lapse of a very short time the State troops were totally routed, and fled in every direction. Governor Jackson was about a mile off, surrounded by Captain Kelly's company as a body guard. It is reported that he was severely reprimanded during the engagement by men of his own party for lack of discretion and cowardice. As soon as he saw the result he and Captain Kelly's company, and Monroe Parsons, according to some accounts, took a boat and went up the river. General Price's absence is accounted for in the following way: On Sunday morning the report was brought to the Governor by some of his picket-guards that seven boats were coming up the river, loaded with United States troops. A consultation was at once had between the Governor and General Price, the result of which was that Governor Jackson sent orders to the troops to disband, as they could not sustain themselves against such a force. General Price then left for home. The troops, however, were exceedingly displeased with the Governor's order, and said they were determined to have a fight. Colonel Marmaduke, from Saline County, who commanded them, became disaffected and resigned. A few hours afterward the report about the seven steamboats proved to be untrue. The Governor then agreed to revoke his order, and recommended his troops to sustain their position, and prepare for resistance to the United States troops. He also issued a proclamation stating that the command had been given to one Mr. Little. What the sequel was is related above.

No one has any reliable news as to the number of killed and wounded, and those taken prisoners. It is stated, however, that Lyon once had the State troops in a position whence he could have mowed them down with terrible effect, but that he ordered the firing to stop just at that time, and proceeded to make prisoners.

A PROCLAMATION FROM GENERAL LYON.

After the battle General Lyon issued a very sensible and firm proclamation to the people of Missouri. He states that the prisoners whom he captured are mostly immatured youths who confessed themselves duped and misled by their leaders, and that he liberated them upon promising not to take any part against the Government. He reminds the people, however, that the clemency of the Government can not be too far relied upon in the case of persons taken in array against its authority. He assures them that his mission is not to invade their private rights as citizens, or to interfere with their business occupations, and he implores all loyal citizens to return to their ordinary avocations, in which they shall be protected.

REAPPEARANCE OF GOVERNOR JACKSON.

Governor Jackson has appeared on the stage once more. With 500 men he arrived at St. Louis on Tuesday, stole some property, and retired toward Warsaw. He has been pursued, but the chances of catching him were slight.

A NEW GOVERNMENT FOR MISSOURI.

There is a proposition in Missouri to hold a State Convention for the purpose of deposing Governor Jackson, who is in rebellion against the General Government and has fled to parts unknown, and electing new State officers.

OCCUPATION OF HARPER'S FERRY.

Harper's Ferry is probably once more in possession of the Government, and this without striking a blow. On Saturday, at noon, the advance of Colonel Stone's column, which has been operating on the Potomac, at Edward's Ferry and Seneca, reached Point of Rocks, on the way to the Ferry, and one of General Patterson's columns is reported to have passed through Greencastle, in the same direction. We have also a corroborative dispatch from Hagerstown, which states that the Sixth, the Fifteenth, and the Twenty-fourth Pennsylvania Regiments had marched to take possession of the Maryland Heights, looking down upon the Ferry. The position of General Cadwallader's command appears to be unchanged. Four regiments are in camp about a mile east of Williamsport; Doubleday's Battery is on the Williamsport Bluffs; Perkin's Light Artillery Battery is between Hagerstown and Williamsport; four regiments are two miles from Williamsport, on the Greencastle road; five companies of cavalry are a mile below Hagerstown, on the Frederick road; three regiments are one mile further south, and two regiments are twelve miles below Hagerstown, on the Sharpsburg turnpike.

THE AFFAIR AT VIENNA.

Brigadier-General Schenck, in pursuance of orders received from the chief officer in command on the south side of the Potomac, left the camp at Alexandria on Monday, 17th, with the First regiment of Ohio volunteers, Colonel M'Cook, and proceeded along the Alexandria, Loudon, and Hampshire Railroad, placing guards at the various important points. The object of the trip was one of reconnoissance, and for the protection of the railroad track, which had been injured by the rebels; and also to look after guerrillas, as the train in which the Connecticut regiment had previously passed along the line had been fired into by some person and one man killed. When nearing Vienna, as the few remaining companies in the train were turning the curve, a masked battery suddenly opened fire upon the troops with fatal effect. The guns were well placed, commanding a deep cut of the railway, and the fire could not be returned by our troops, nor could the batteries be outflanked or turned, because of the nature of the ground. In consequence of the engineer beating a hasty retreat with the locomotive, our troops were deprived of a rallying point, and of all means of transportation for the wounded, except by means of litters and blankets. Notwithstanding these disadvantages our troops retired in good order to a point where they intended to await the arrival of reinforcements. About twelve of our people were killed.

THE NEUTRALITY OF KENTUCKY.

The Louisville papers contain the particulars of an agreement made between General Buckner, commanding the Kentucky State forces, and General M'Clellan, commanding the Department of the West, which is a virtual declaration that Kentucky shall be neutral ground in the contest between the Government and the rebels. The Kentucky authorities agree to protect the United States property in the State, to enforce the laws of the United States according to the interpretation of the United States Courts, and to enforce all obligations of neutrality as against the Southern States, while General M'Clellan agrees not to cross the Kentucky border, even though Southern armies occupy her soil; but the Kentucky authorities must remove such Southern forces; and should she fail to do so, General M'Clellan will claim the same right of occupation. The State, however, can call upon General M'Clellan for aid to expel the rebel troops. A different policy on the part of either party involves the necessity for a previous notice to the other. It is understood that Governor Harris, of Tennessee, has given in his adhesion to the arrangement.

THE STATE ELECTION THERE.

The special election for Members of Congress (House) in Kentucky, has resulted as follows:

DISTRICT.
I.—HENRY C. BURNETT ("State Rights"), re-elected.
II.—JAMES S. JACKSON, vice Samuel O. Peyton.
III.—HENRY GRIDER, vice Francis M. Bristow.
IV.—AARON HARDING, vice William C. Anderson.
V.—CHARLES A. WICKLIFFE, vice John Young Brown.
VI.—GEORGE W. DUNLAP, vice Green Adams.
VII.—ROBERT MALLORY, re-elected.
VIII.—JOHN J. CRITTENDEN, vice William E. Simms.
IX.—WILLIAM H. WADSWORTH, vice Laben T. Moore.
X.—JOHN W. MENZIES, vice John W. Stevenson.

All "Union" but Burnett, and all new Members but Burnett and Mallory. Burnett's majority is reduced from over 9000 in 1859 to 4000 now, while the "Union" Members have generally overwhelming majorities—often three or four to one.

THE SLAUGHTER AT GREAT BETHEL.

The official returns of the killed and wounded at the battle of Big Bethel show a total of seventy-four—of which sixteen were killed, fourteen dangerously wounded, five missing, and thirty-nine only slightly injured. Twenty-one of these casualties occurred in the mistaken engagement between the Third and Seventh New York Volunteer regiments.

THE STRENGTH OF OUR ARMY.

The Secretary of War has informed the President that there are now 225,000 men enrolled in the service of the United States.

OFFERS TO DESTROY THE "BROOKLYN."

A French engineer in New Orleans offers to destroy the blockading steamer *Brooklyn* for twenty thousand dollars. Another ambitious individual is willing to undertake the job for sixty thousand dollars; and a third proposes to do the work nicely for one hundred thousand dollars—payment to be made when the job is finished.

RIOT AT MILWAUKIE.

A very serious riot occurred on Monday at Milwaukie. The mob attacked several banking-houses, maltreated the persons employed there, and destroyed property to a considerable amount. The military were called out; the first company refused to act; the second charged with bayonets upon the crowd, which broke and fled. It was feared that more trouble would be made; the city was put under martial law, and troops were sent for from neighboring towns.

PERSONAL.

Hon. John S. Phelps, member of Congress from the sixth district of Missouri, has been chosen Colonel of a regiment of Union volunteers at Springfield, Missouri.

George M. Dallas declines to be a candidate for Congress in the second district of Pennsylvania.

Colonel Cameron, the brother of the Secretary of War, has been elected to the command of the Seventy-ninth Regiment of New York, known as the Highland Regiment.

Tennessee is to be included in the military district under command of Brigadier-General Robert Anderson.

Among the Second-Lieutenants recently appointed is Francis E. Brownell, the avenger of Colonel Ellsworth's death.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

GREGORY WITHDRAWS HIS MOTION.

IN the House of Commons, on 6th June, Mr. Gregory agreed to postpone his motion, in favor of the recognition of the rebel confederacy by England, indefinitely. It was remarked that a discussion on the constitutional aspect of the case would be very inconvenient to the Government.

In a letter to the *Times* Mr. Gregory gives the following as his reasons for desiring the recognition of the Southern Confederacy: "I advocate the recognition of the Southern Confederacy because I believe by the separation of the North from the South we may deal an effectual blow at that accursed traffic, the slave-trade. Hitherto we have received obstruction rather than co-operation from the United States in our endeavors to put down that traffic. The Northerners have always contended that Southern prejudices have been a bar to their hearty co-operation with us. They have now got rid of these prejudices; and as the Cuban slave-trade is mainly carried on by ships sailing from Northern ports and floated by Northern capital, I look forward with confidence to the future action of the United States Government to restrain their citizens at least from this odious enterprise. As for the South, the slave-trade has been formally and strictly forbidden by the constitution; that constitution has been ratified by the several Confederate States, and I should, had my motion came on, been in a position to prove from various reasons to the House of Commons the sincerity of the Southern President and Congress on this point.

"I advocate the recognition of the Southern States, because I am of opinion that by this separation the area of slave-occupied territory will be circumscribed, instead of increased."

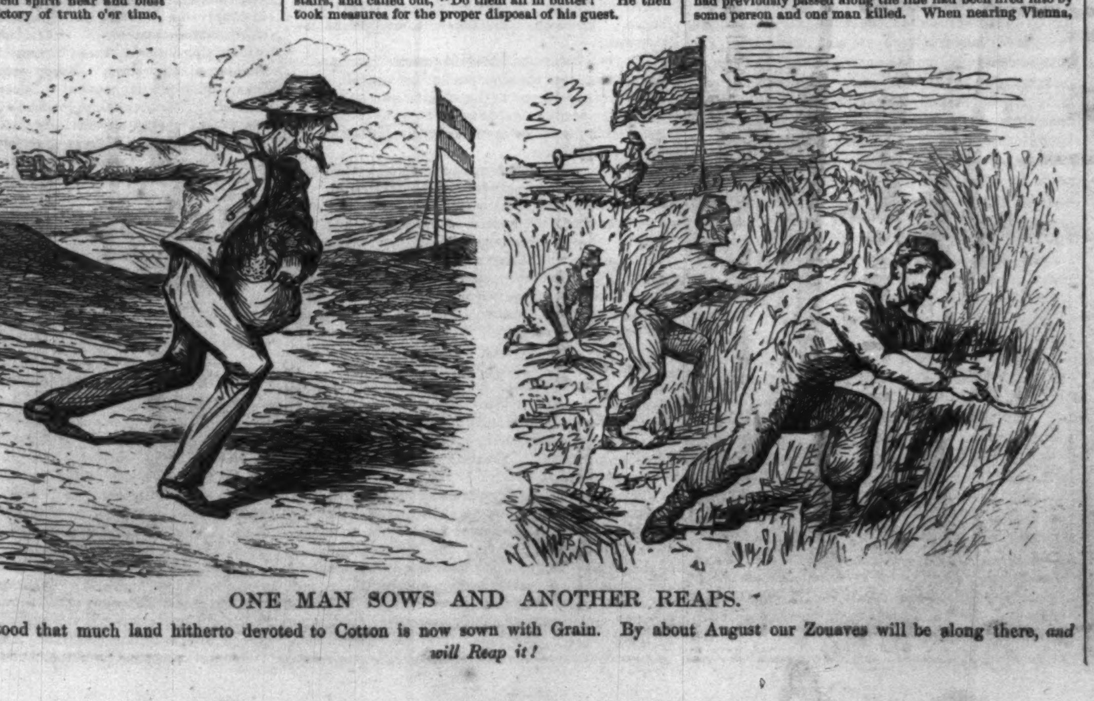
BRITISH TROOPS FOR CANADA.

The British army reinforcements for Canada, to be shipped by the *Great Eastern* and *Golden Fleece*, exceed three thousand and five hundred men, including a battery of the royal artillery.

FRANCE.

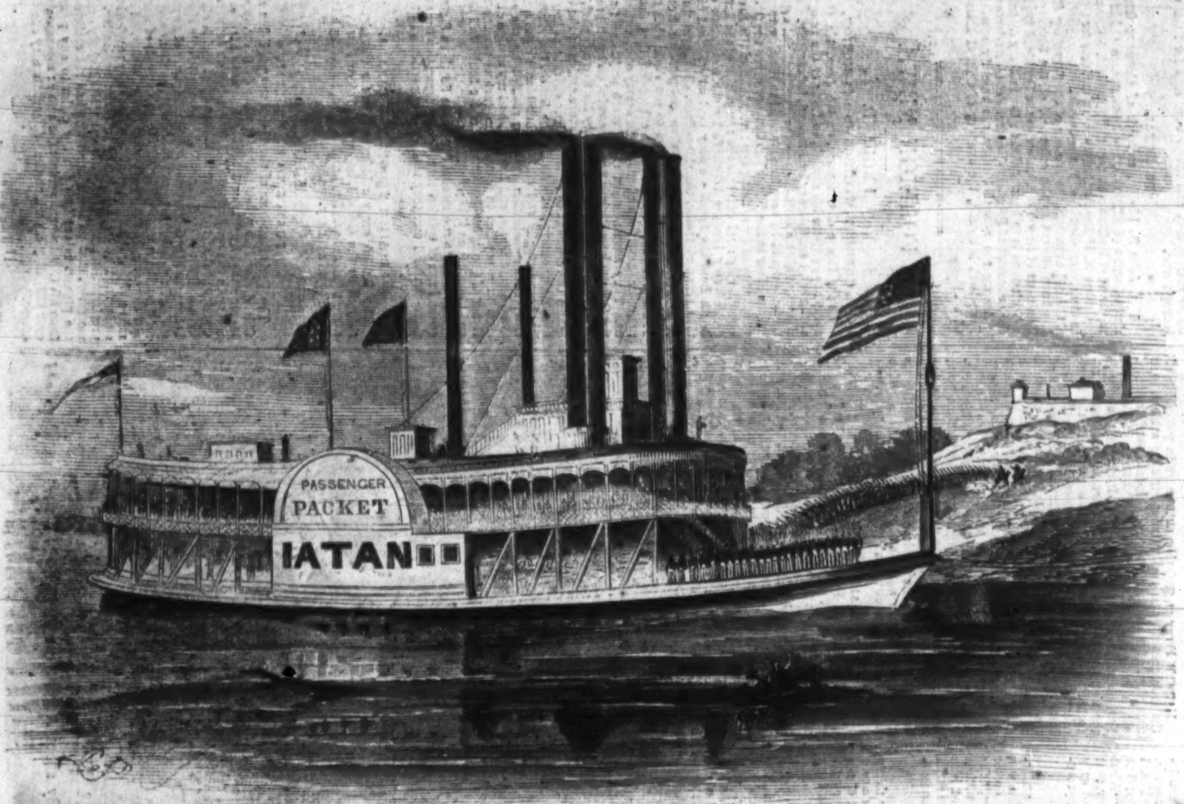
FRANCE TO BE NEUTRAL.

The Paris *Moniteur* of the 11th June publishes an official declaration of neutrality from the Emperor, in which he says that he "has resolved to maintain a strict neutrality in the conflict which is now going on between the Government of the Union and the States which claim to form a separate confederation." The *Moniteur* also publishes several articles specifying the measures of neutrality which French subjects are to observe, such as accepting no commission from either side to arm vessels of war, and not enrolling in the military service of either. Frenchmen residing in France or abroad are alike required to abstain from any act contrary to strict neutrality. The proclamation concludes as follows: "His Majesty declares, moreover, that no Frenchman who has not conformed to the present injunctions can lay claim to any protection from his Government against the acts or measures, whatever they may be, which the belligerents may exercise or decree."



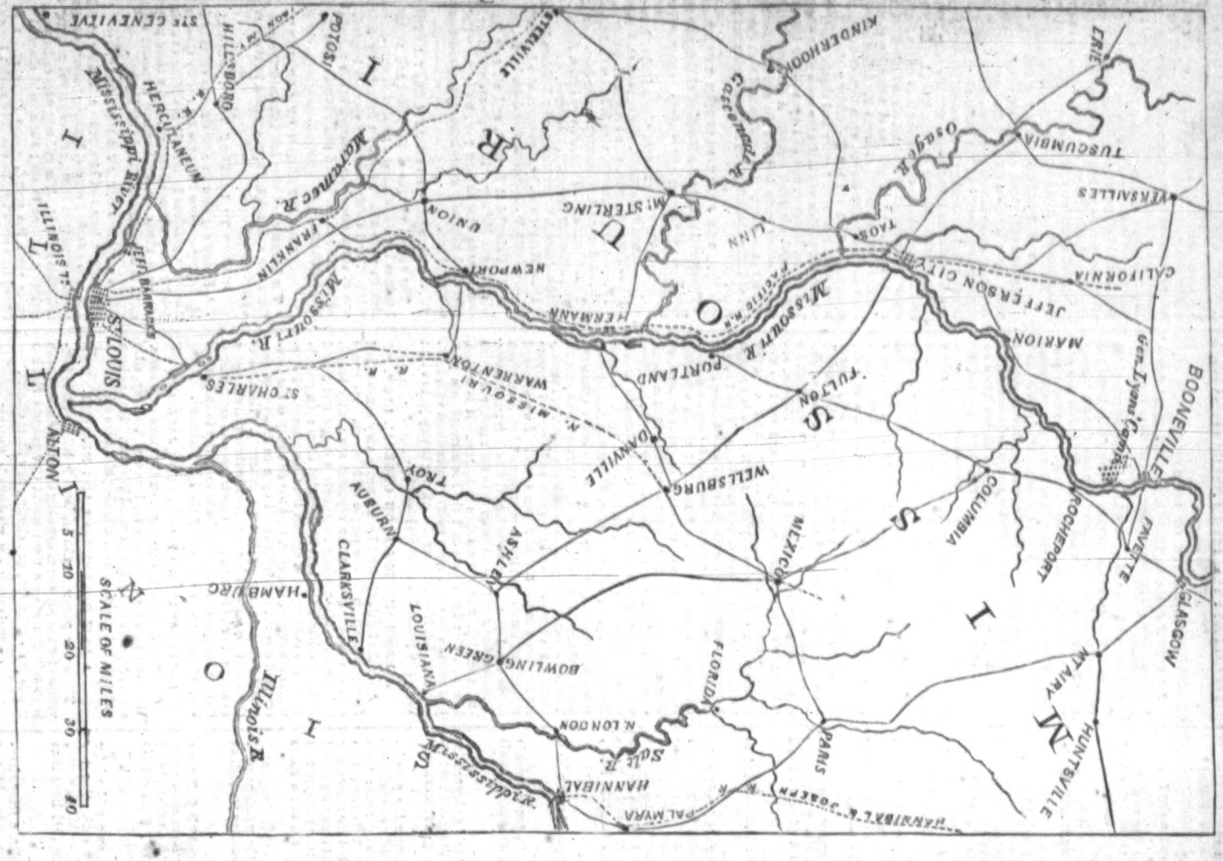
ONE MAN SOWS AND ANOTHER REAPS.

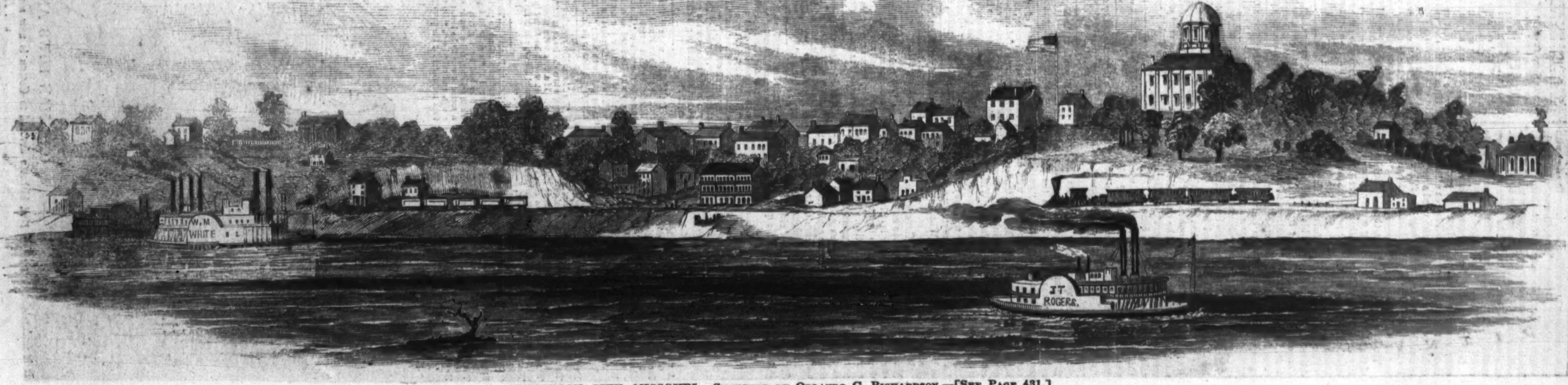
It is understood that much land hitherto devoted to Cotton is now sown with Grain. By about August our Zouaves will be along there, *and will Reap it!*


PASSENGER
PACKET
IATAN

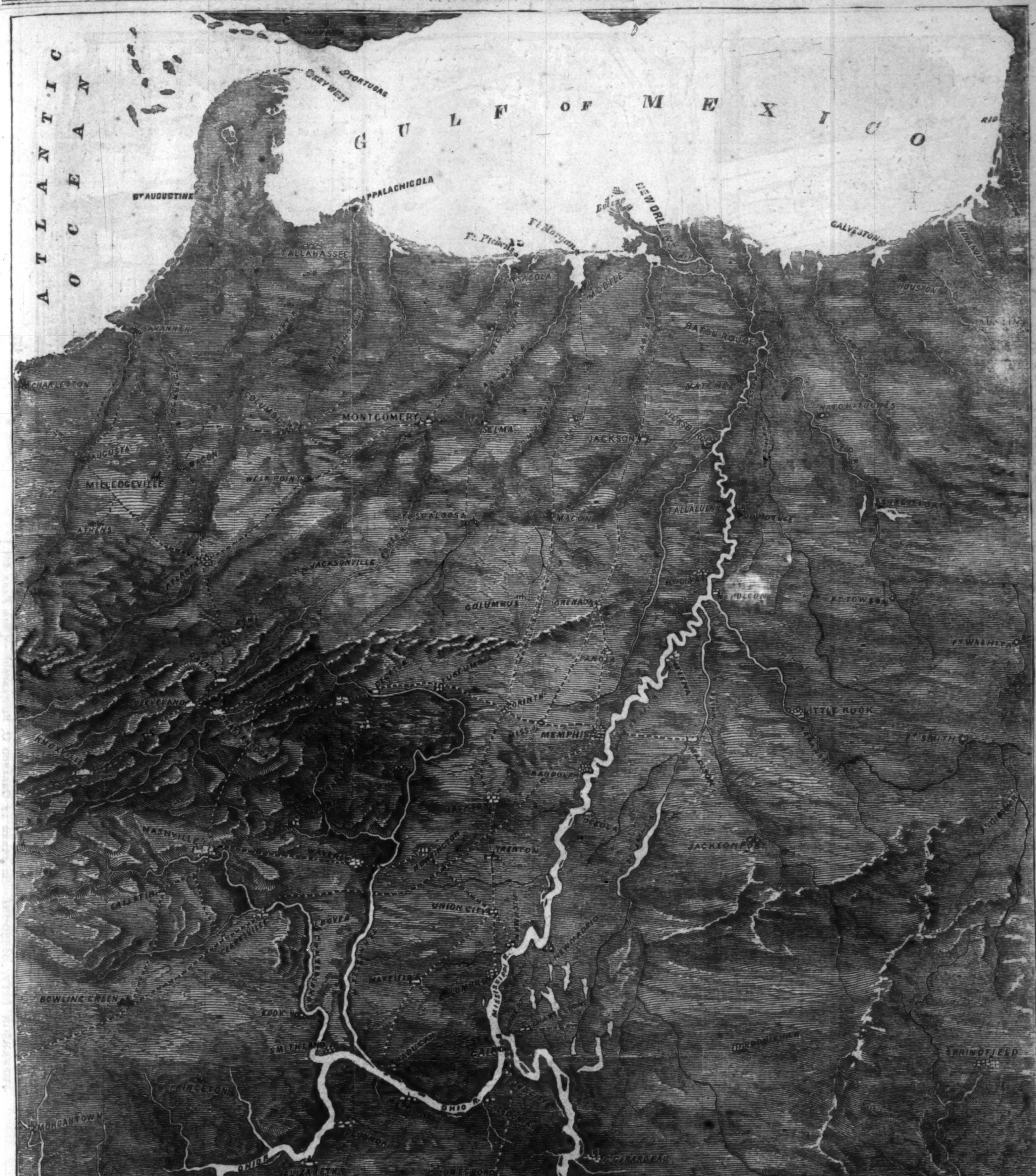
LANDING OF UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS, UNDER GENERAL LYON, AT JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI.
SKETCHED BY ORLANDO C. RICHARDSON.—[SEE PAGE 431.]

MAP OF THE INTERIOR OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI.

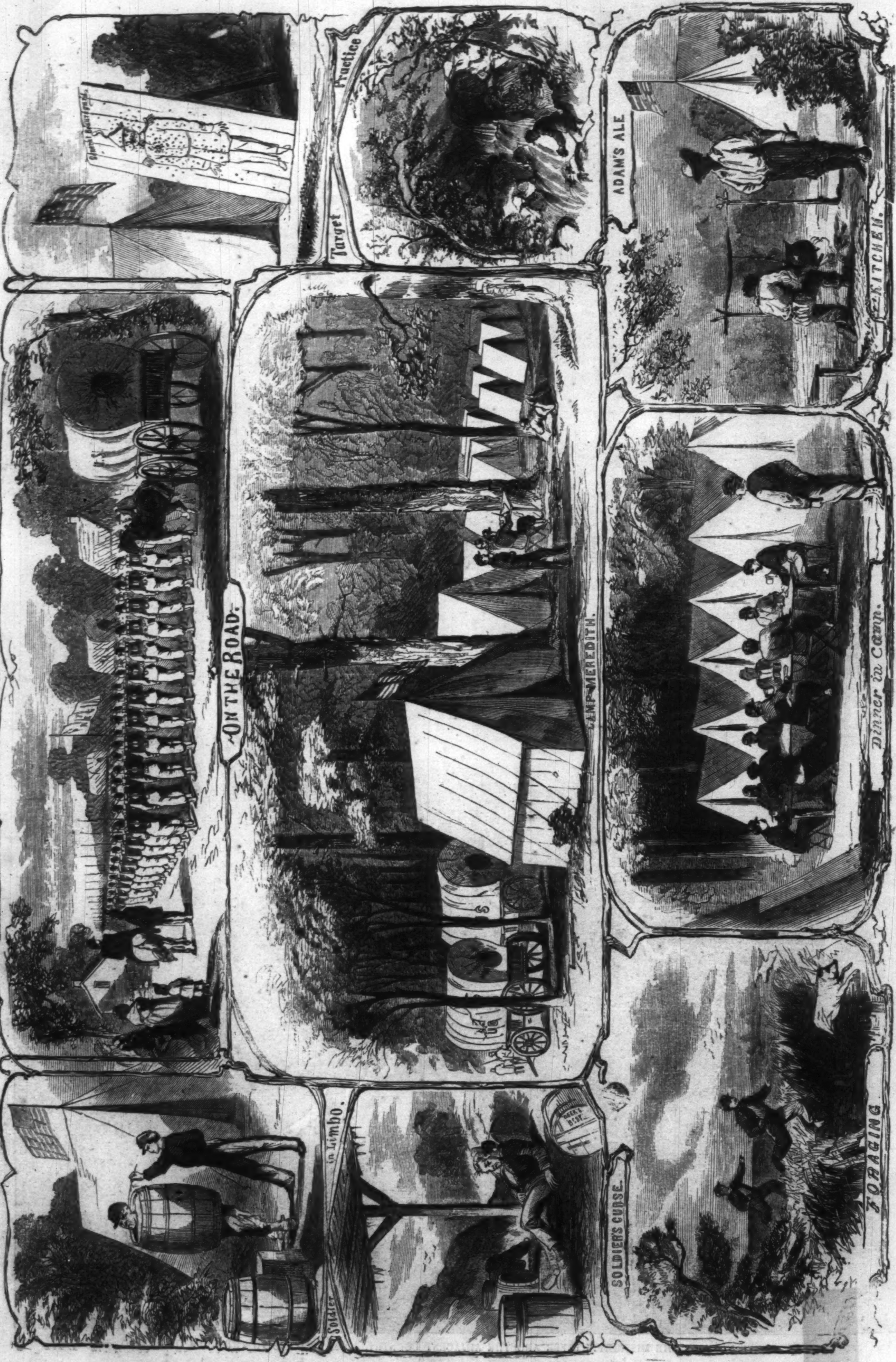

MISSOURI
ILLINOIS
BOONEVILLE
GLASGOW
FAYETTE
Gen. Lyons' Camp
HUNTSVILLE
MT AIRY
ROCHEPORT
COLUMBIA
ERIE
VERSAILLES
TUSCUMBIA
CALIFORNIA
MARION
JEFFERSON CITY
Osage R.
TAOS
KINDERHOOK
Gasconade R.
LINN
FULTON
MEXICO
PARIS
HANNIBAL & ST JOSEPH R.R.
PALMYRA
HANNIBAL
FLORIDA
Salt R.
N. LONDON
BOWLING GREEN
WELLSBURG
Missouri R.
PACIFIC R.R.
PORTLAND
DANVILLE
MT STERLING
HERMANN
NEWPORT
WARRENTON
N. MISSOURI R.R.
ASHLEY
TROY
LOUISIANA
AUBURN
CLARKSVILLE
Mississippi R.
STEELVILLE
UNION
POTOSI
Maramec R.
FRANKLIN
HILLSBORO
IRON MT. R.R.
ST CHARLES
HANBURG
Illinois R.
HERCULANEUM
JEFF. BARRACKS
ST LOUIS
STE GENEVIEVE
Mississippi River
ILLINOIS T.
ALTON
SCALE OF MILES
5
10
20
30
40


W. M. WHITE
J. T. ROGERS

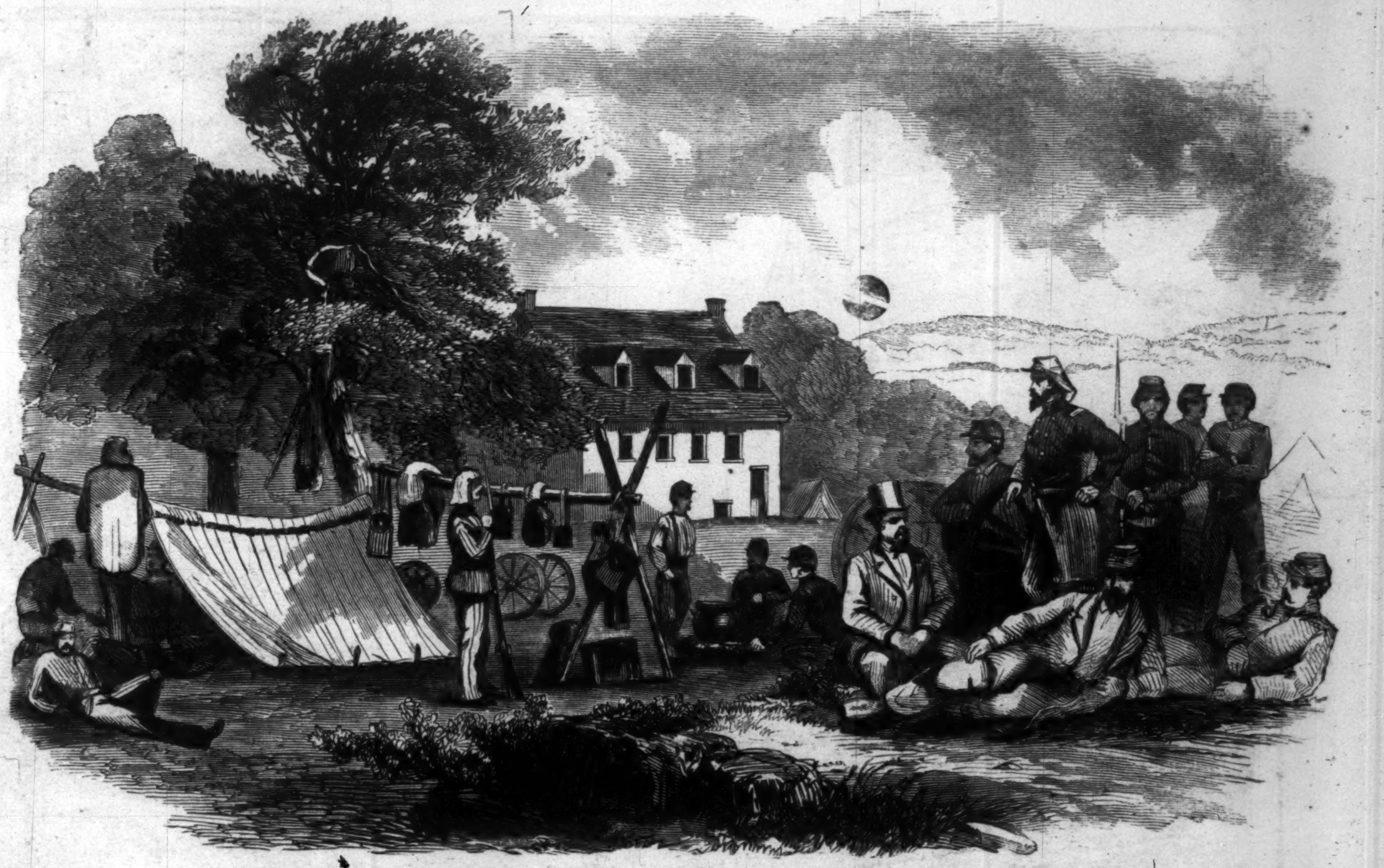
JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI.—SKETCHED BY ORLANDO C. RICHARDSON.—[SEE PAGE 431.]


ATLANTIC OCEAN
GULF OF MEXICO
HAVANA
TORTUGAS
KEY WEST
St AUGUSTINE
APPALACHICOLA
Ft Pickens
Ft Morgan
Balize
NEW ORLEANS
GALVESTON
INDIANOLA
HOUSTON
AUSTIN
TALLAHASSEE
PENSACOLA
MOBILE
SAVANNAH
CHARLESTON
AUGUSTA
MILLEDGEVILLE
MACON
ATHENS
COLUMBUS
WEST POINT
MONTGOMERY
SELMA
JACKSON
BATON ROUGE
NATCHEZ
VICKSBURG
NATCHITOCHES
RED R.
SABINE R.
SHREVEPORT
TALLALULA
PROVIDENCE
TUSCALOOSA
MACON
JACKSONVILLE
ATLANTA
COLUMBUS
GRENADA
BOLIVAR
NAPOLEON
Ft TOWSON
Ft WASHITA
PANOLA
HELENA
LITTLE ROCK
Ft SMITH
MADISON
CLEVELAND
CHATTANOOGA
KNOXVILLE
DECATUR
TUSCUMBIA
CORINTH
MEMPHIS
RANDOLPH
OSCEOLA
JACKSONPORT
JACKSON
NASHVILLE
WAVERLY
HUNTINGTON
TRENTON
UNION CITY
GALLATIN
CLARKSVILLE
DOVER
NEW MADRID
MAYFIELD
COLUMBUS
CHARLESTON
BOWLING GREEN
EDDYVILLE
SMITHLAND
PADUCAH
CAIRO
MISSISSIPPI R.
OHIO R.
CALEDONIA
GOLCONDA
PRINCETON
MORGANTOWN
ELIZABETHTOWN
JONESBORO
SHAWNEETOWN
DIXON
HENDERSON
OHIO R.
EVANSVILLE
Mt VERNON
DE SOTO
PINCKNEY
VINCENNES
OLNEY
SALEM
C. GIRARDEAU
Pilot Knob
IRONTON
SPRINGFIELD
LEBANON
CHESTER
KASKASKIA
Ste GENEVIEVE
POTOSI
ROLLA
MISSISSIPPI R.
KASKASKIA R.
WATERLOO
BELLEVILLE
JEFFERSON BARRACKS
St LOUIS
MISSOURI R.
LEBANON

BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRY, FROM ST. LOUIS TO THE GULF OF MEXICO.


ON THE ROAD.
CAMP MEREDITH.
Dinner in Camp.
Target Practice
ADAM'S ALE
KITCHEN.
Soldier in Limbo.
SOLDIER'S CURSE.
BEER'S BEST.
FORAGING

SCENES OF CAMP AND ARMY LIFE IN GENERAL WILLIAMS'S BRIGADE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE GENERAL'S STAFF.—[SEE PAGE 427.]



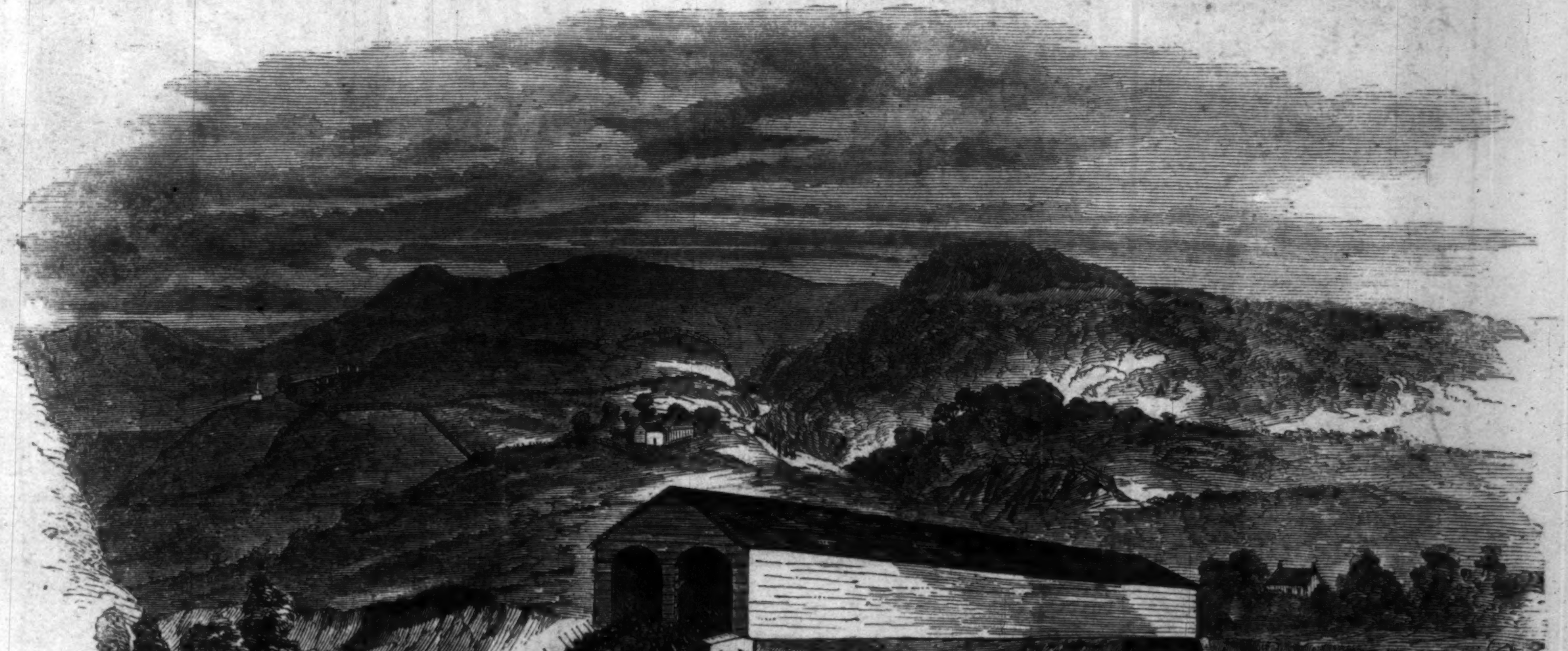
THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE FIRST CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS AT ROACH'S SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 427.]

THE BATTLE OF ROMNEY.

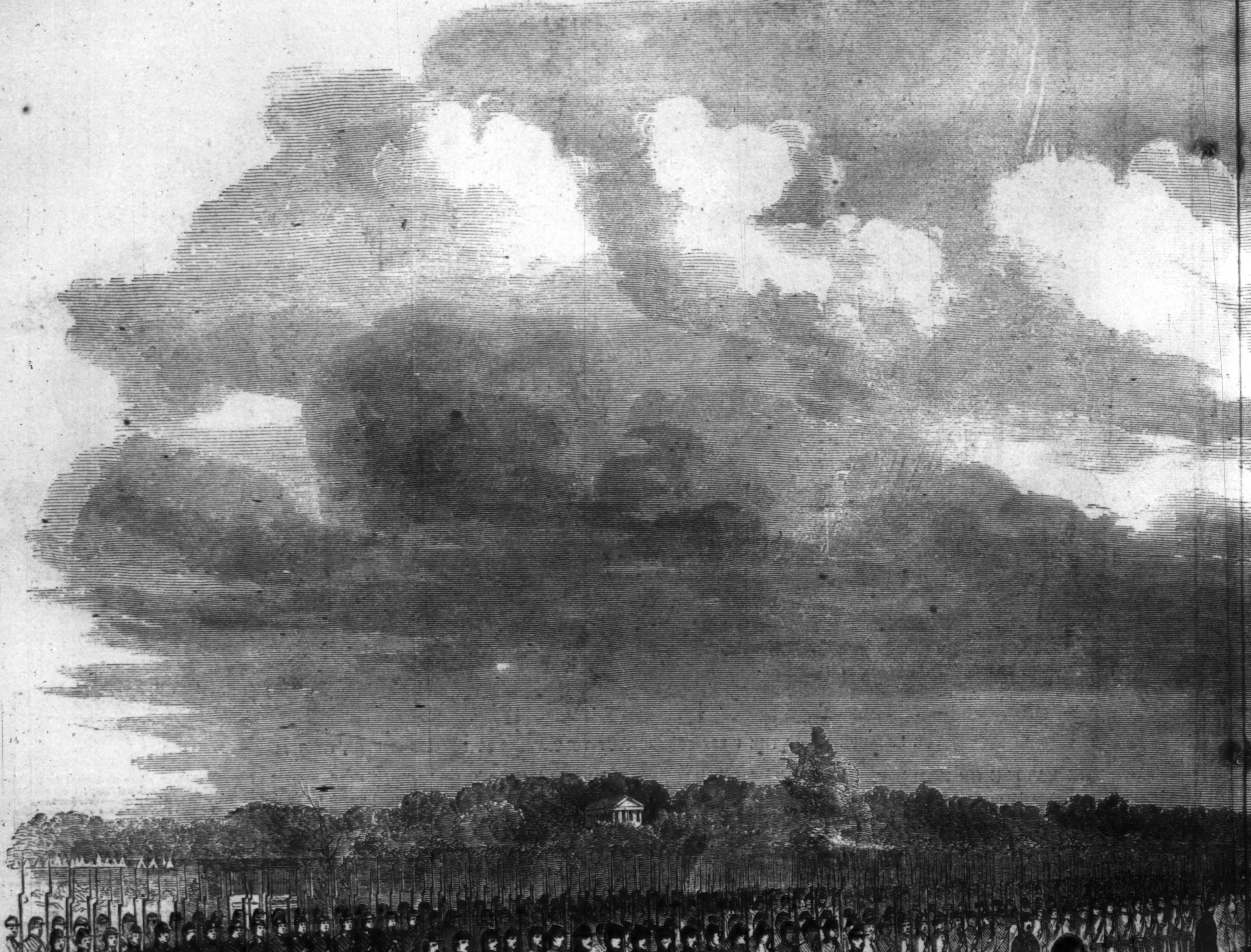
WE publish on this page a picture of THE BATTLE OF ROMNEY, where the Eleventh Indiana Regiment defeated a much larger force of Secessionists on 11th June. An attentive correspondent, Mr. Gookins, of the Eleventh Indiana, has sent us the sketch, which we reproduce, as also the following letter:

CAMP M'GINNIS (CUMBERLAND, MD.), *June* 14, 1861.

On the evening of the 12th of June Colonel Lewis Wallace, commanding the Eleventh (Zouave) Indiana Regiment, stationed at this place, having received intelligence of a camp of secessionists at Romney, Virginia, where they were said to be assembled in considerable numbers, well armed and equipped, also having erected a battery of two pieces of cannon, headed a detachment of four hundred men, of whom your correspondent was one, and leaving this place at nine P.M., proceeded by rail to Piedmont, twenty-one miles distant from here; there debarking, marched over a rugged mountain road twenty-three miles to Romney, arriving there at 9½ A.M. June 13. On coming within a mile of Romney we were fired on by the picket-guard of the rebels, while passing through a defile walled in by tremendous cliffs. At the sound of the first gun, however, we deployed as skirmishers, and being scattered thus no one was hurt on our side. We returned their fire and killed one of the picket. He was seen to fall and slide down the side of the mountain about twenty feet, when his body lodged against a tree. We then ran forward, and passing out of the defile came to a long covered bridge. On the other side of the river the rebels had planted their cannon and trained them upon the bridge; our men, however, dashed forward through the bridge with a yell, when the cowards (of whom there was quite a large body posted on the hills) fled without firing a shot from their cannon. This is the subject of my illustration. On reaching the farther end of the bridge our advance was again fired on by a body of rebels who were posted in a brick house about seventy-five yards away from the bridge. Here the orderly-sergeant of Company A of our regiment was slightly wounded—not at all dangerously. The men ran forward, firing as they ran, riddling the house with Minié balls. The rebels, however, escaped by the back entrance into the hills back of the house. One more was killed here, and another very badly wounded in the thigh. While this was going on we were again fired on from the mountains back of us. No one hurt. We then moved forward to the town, where we learned for the first time the number of the secession soldiery; there were five companies of them in the aggregate—over four hundred men—well armed with Derringer rifles and United States muskets. In their retreat they were so pushed that they left behind their baggage, some rifles, tents, swords, pistols, etc., etc. We took seven officers' marquees, a quantity of uniforms, and large quantities of clothing, a secession flag, four horses (one of which was the rebel colonel's riding-horse), four large chests of ammunition, camp equipage, and a great variety of other articles. Three wagons were laden with the best part of things taken, and the rest were destroyed. We learned that the rebels had received information of our approach an hour before we arrived from a horseman. This enabled them to prepare for a retreat, and, much to our chagrin, they thus succeeded in saving their cannon.

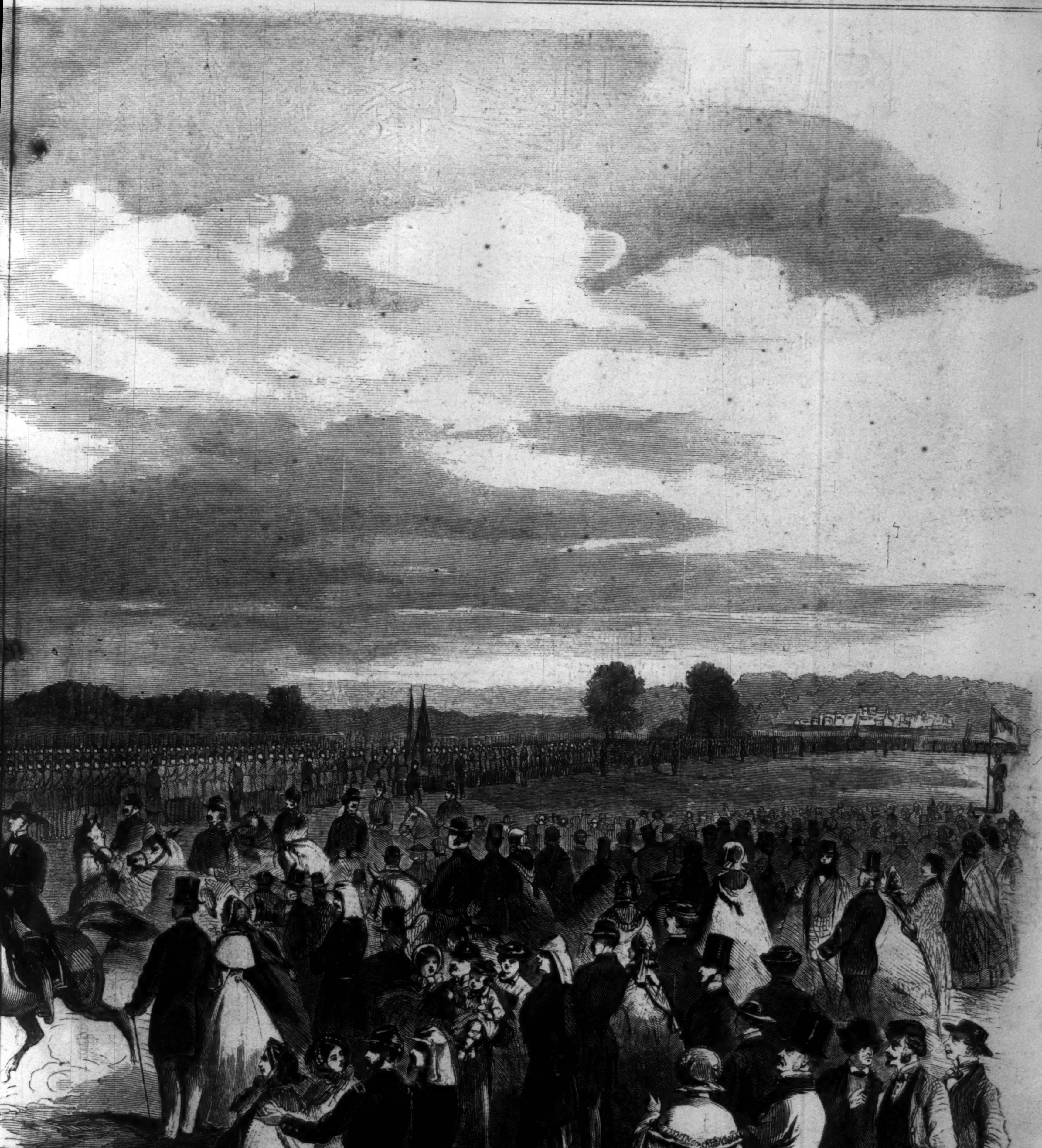


THE BATTLE OF ROMNEY—SKIRMISH AT THE BRIDGE.—[SKETCHED BY MR. GOOKINS.]

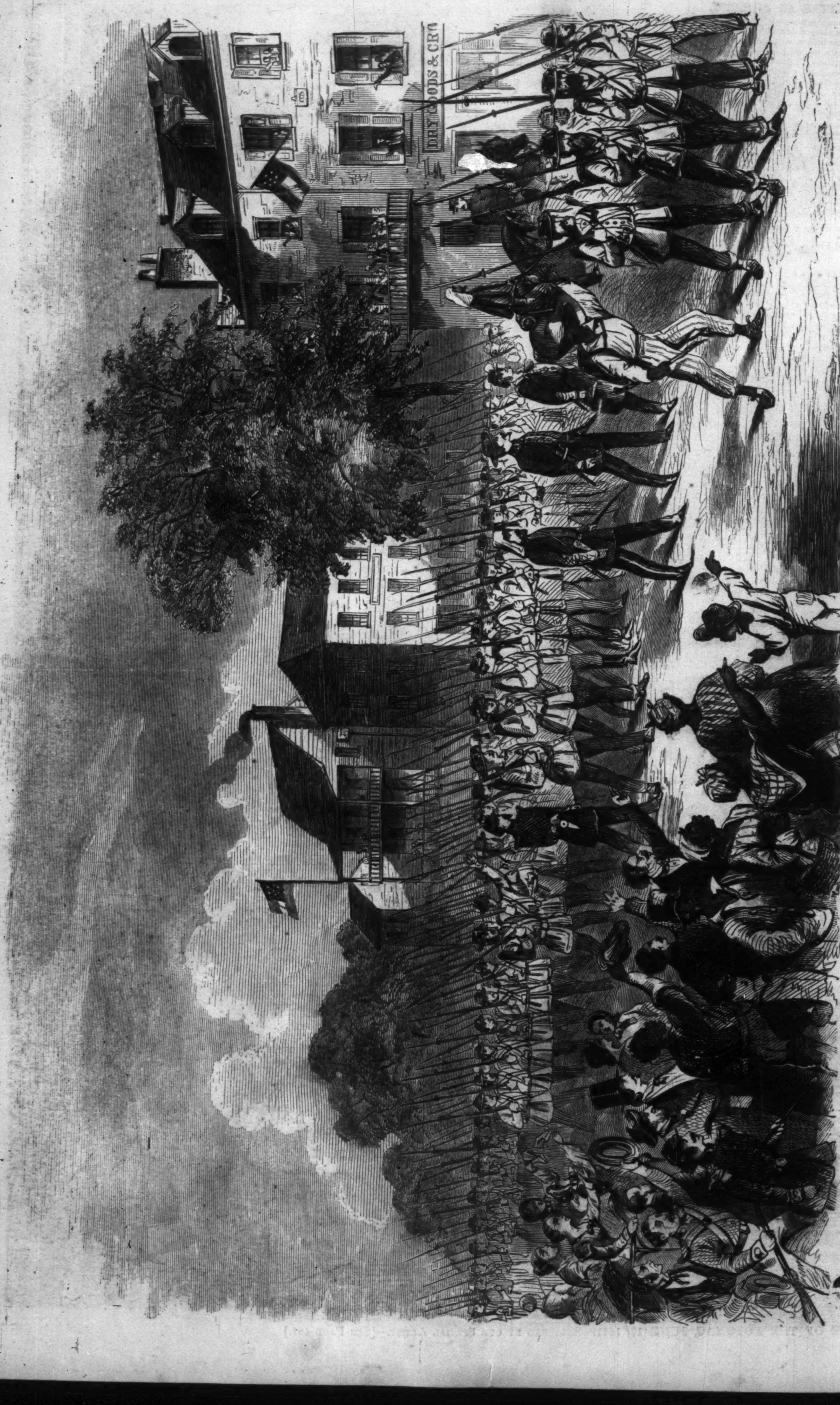


LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

GRAND REVIEW OF GENERAL M'DOWELL'S CORPS D'ARMEÉ, BY SECRETARY CAMERON, ON THE



E SOUTH SIDE OF THE POTOMAC, JUNE 17, 1861.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 431.]



TENNESSEE RIFLEMEN ENTERING WINCHESTER FROM STRASBURG, ON THEIR WAY TO JOIN THE VIRGINIA ARMY.—[SEE PAGE 427.]

THE BATTLE AT PHILIPPI.

We illustrate on this page the Battle of Philippi, which took place on 3d June. We published an account of this brilliant little affair in a recent number; and here we will only add, that a few companies of Indiana, Ohio, and Virginia volunteers entirely demolished a large force of secessionists assembled at Philippi, under the command of Colonel Porterfield, driving them out of the place, with the loss of all their baggage and most of their arms. Our artist writes:

The scene shown in the picture is the principal street in Philippi. The large building on the left is the Court-house of Barbour County, Virginia, now occupied as the head-quarters of the Federal troops. The roof of the hotel just beyond the Court-house shows plainly the effects of a cannon-ball. I was told that it carried away a secession flag. The Union flag is now floating in its place. The road between the Court-house and hotel is the one by which Colonel Kelly entered the town. The intention was for him to have come in by the road which you see turning to the right at the extreme end of the picture. About a stone's-throw beyond this turn is where Colonel Kelly fell.

EVACUATION OF HARPER'S FERRY.

We publish on page 428 a view of Harper's Ferry after the Evacuation by the rebel troops, and on page 429 an illustration of the Burning of the Railroad Bridge at that point, as seen from the trestle-work platform. Both are from sketches by a regular correspondent. A special agent of the press visited Harper's Ferry on 13th, and reported as follows:

The Confederate army has left the place. The route of the main body was by turnpikes leading to Charlestown and Shepardstown. At five o'clock this morning the great bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad over the Potomac was fired, and soon after a tremendous report was heard, caused by an explosion of a mine under the centre span. In one hour the entire structure was in ruins and fell into the water. This was a noble piece of work, it being one thousand feet long, and was built by Engineer Latrobe but ten years since in the most scientific manner. It has six spans, and cost considerable. The damage to property is not ended here, but the Railroad Company and the United States have suffered further losses of valuable works. The body of the trestling on which the road was supported from the bridge to the end of the Government property, about half a mile in extent, is nearly all destroyed, as well as the upper bridge, of one hundred and twenty feet in length, over the Government canal. The telegraph station buildings and the other railroad works are also demolished. The long range of substantial buildings formerly occupied as the Government armory is burned to the ground, with the exception of two at the west end, near the Shenandoah. Fire has been raging all day, and when we left it was just breaking out in the rear quarters. The rifle-works on the Shenandoah were fired in the afternoon.

TENNESSEE RIFLEMEN MARCHING TO THE WAR.

We publish on page 426 a picture representing a regiment of Tennessean Riflemen passing through Winchester *en route* for Harper's Ferry. The Tennesseans are soldierly looking fellows enough; it is sad to think they are engaged in so bad a cause. The artist says:

My picture represents the Tennessee and Southwestern Virginia Riflemen entering Winchester, on their way to Harper's Ferry. This regiment came up from Richmond to Strasburg by way of the Manassas Gap Railroad, and marched from thence to Winchester, a distance of 22 miles, in one day. They are mostly hunters and men used to outdoor life, and are all, besides their rifles, armed with tomahawk, bowie-knife, and revolver.

FORDING THE POTOMAC AT WILLIAMSPORT.

On page 429 we illustrate, from a sketch by our special correspondent, on General Williams's staff, the Crossing of the Potomac by United States Volunteers, on 16th instant. A correspondent of the *Herald* writes under date of 16th from Hagerstown, Maryland:

Well, the everlasting delay in the movement of this *corps d'armée* is somewhat broken in upon. A real genuine forward movement has begun, notwithstanding the monotonous red-tape circumlocutionism of the commanding General. Two brigades, the First and Fourth, have actually passed the Potomac, General Cadwallader leading the advance, consisting of five companies of cavalry—four of the Second cavalry, and the First Philadelphia troop; battalion of artillery and infantry, Captain Doubleday; Rhode Island regiment and battery; Sixth, Twenty-first, and Twenty-third Pennsylvania volunteers; Fourth brigade, Colonel D. S. Miles; United States infantry, two companies of Second infantry, five companies of the Third infantry; Ninth, Thirteenth, and Sixteenth Pennsylvania volunteers.

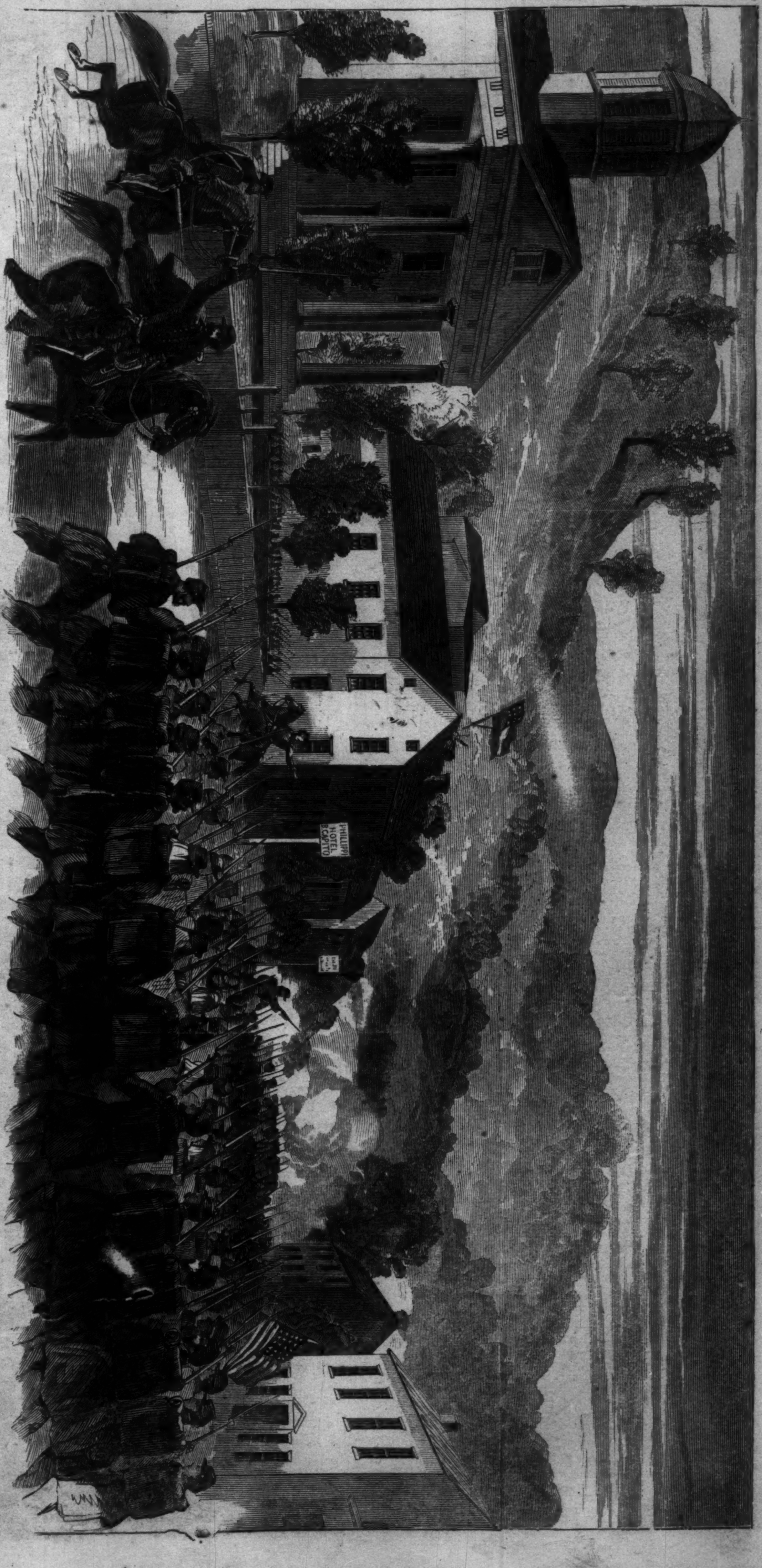
Precisely at twelve o'clock to-day, the United States infantry heading, the Fourth brigade took the water, and took it as if it was their native element. The Volunteers followed. Both marched four abreast as they started, but the ranks were somewhat broken by the depth and stiffness of the current. But right bravely they went wading in water, some places full four feet deep, over a river of remarkable volume and force three hundred and fifty yards wide. It was a stirring sight to see the young volunteers marching with the steadiness and precision of veterans, singing, with the happiest indifference, in one company, "I'll be gay and happy still;" another, "Let the wild world wag as it will;" a third, "Red, white, and blue;" a fourth, shouting with wild refrain the chorus of the "Star-spangled Banner," until whole regiments would catch and join in its round swelling cadences. The effect was strikingly grand.

The other side of the picture, the ludicrous, was also vividly presented. Volunteer after volunteer, while waiting to enter, would doff his nether integuments and enter the water with that portion of his person in *puris naturalibus*, declaring that Uncle Sam's dry goods were too preciously scarce to have them wetted.

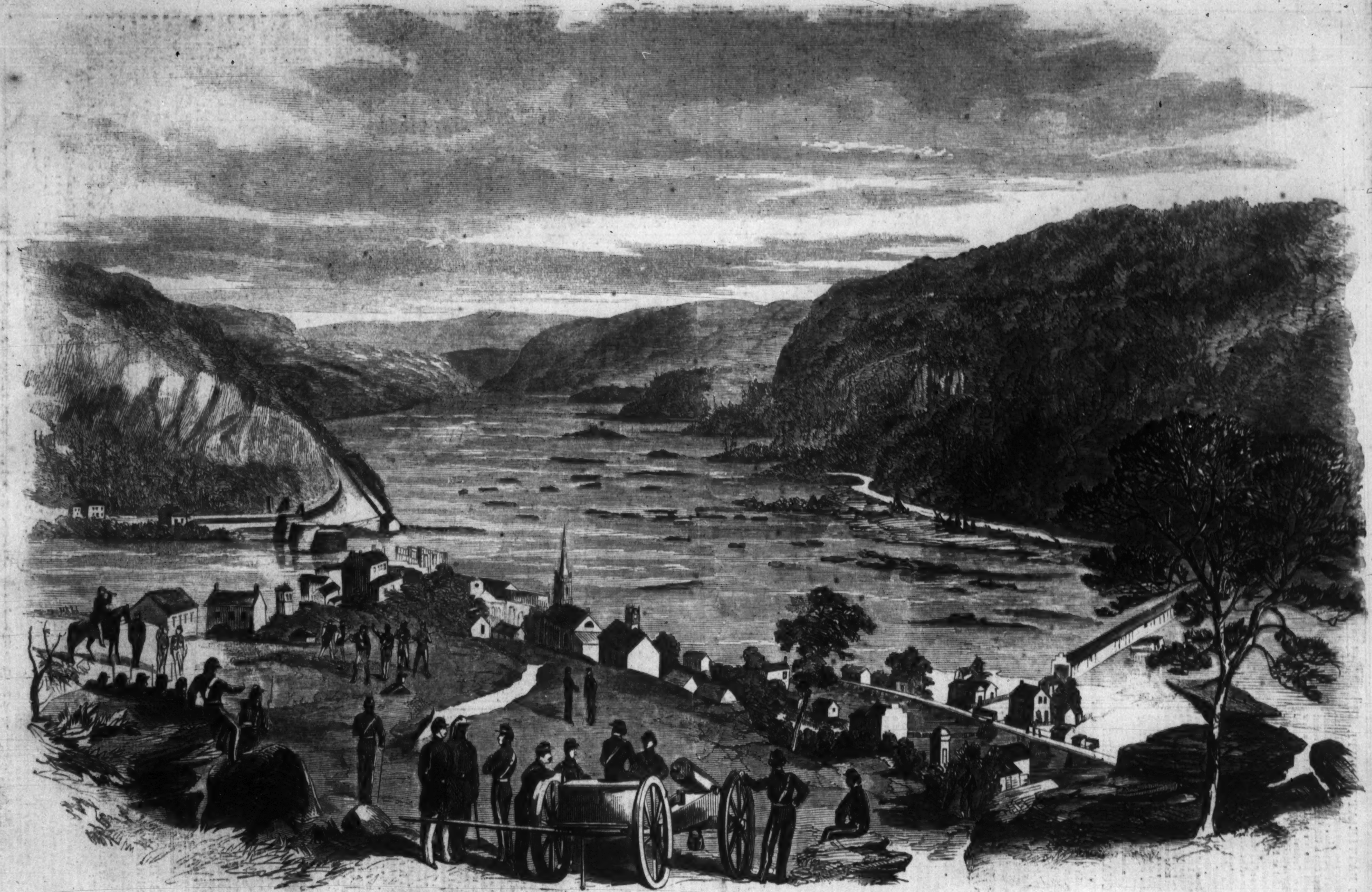
OUR TROOPS AT ROACH'S SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

We publish on page 423, from a drawing by a member of our 12th Regiment, a view of the Encampment at Roach's Springs, Virginia. The artist writes:

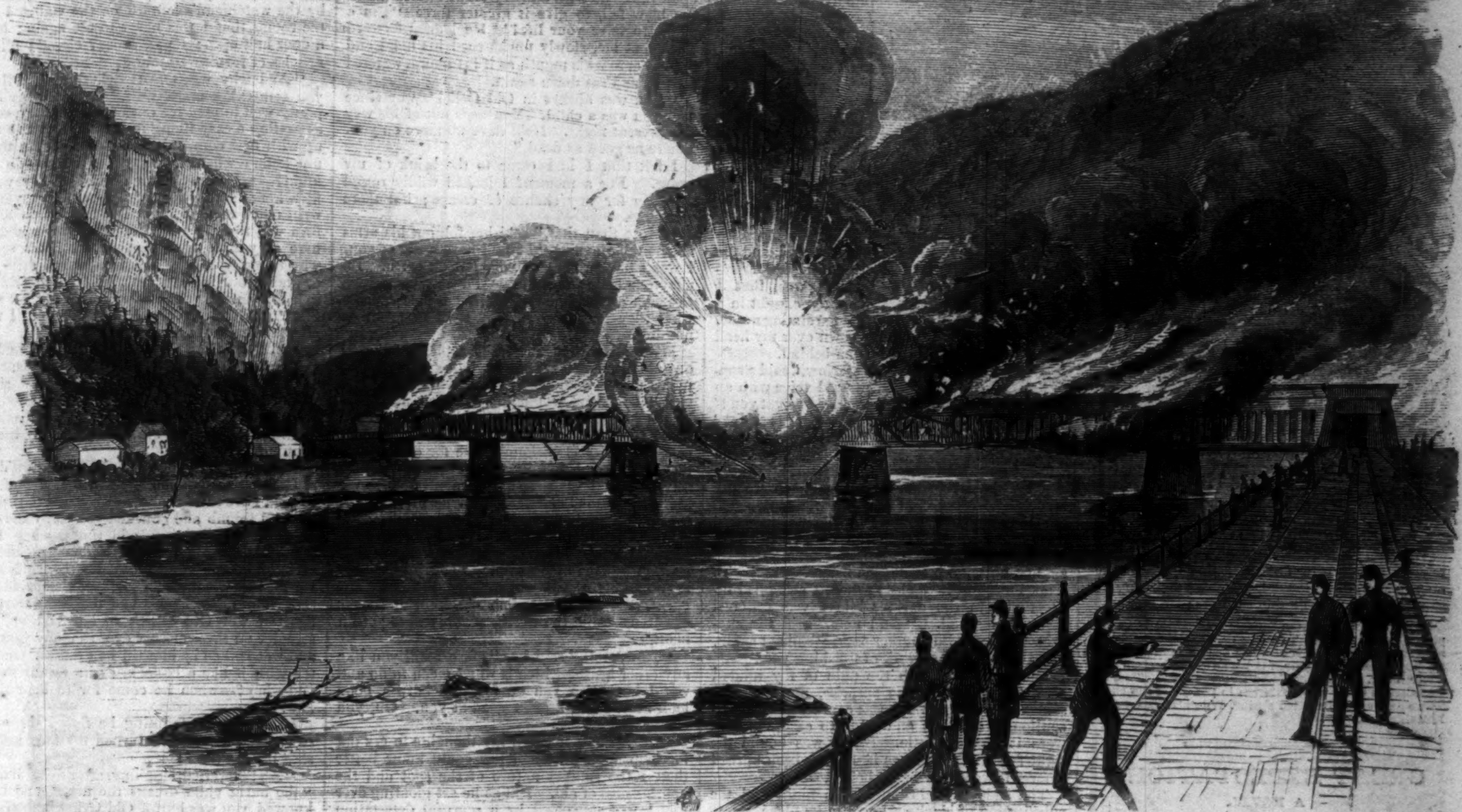
Roach's Springs, Virginia, is situated about two miles north of Alexandria, on the west side of the Potomac, and was the farthest point of advance in that direction by the Federal forces on the 25th of last May. It is reported that their approach drove two hundred secessionists from the old mills where they were quartered. The 12th Regiment, N. Y. S. M., took possession of the buildings and encamped there, being kept in constant readiness for an attack. The 12th was relieved on the 2d inst. by the 1st Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, which still holds the position.



THE BATTLE OF PHILIPPI.—[From a Sketch by our Special Artist.]



HARPER'S FERRY, AS EVACUATED BY THE CONFEDERATE TROOPS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 427.]



DESTRUCTION OF THE RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE POTOMAC, AT HARPER'S FERRY, BY THE REBELS, JUNE 15, 1861.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 427.]

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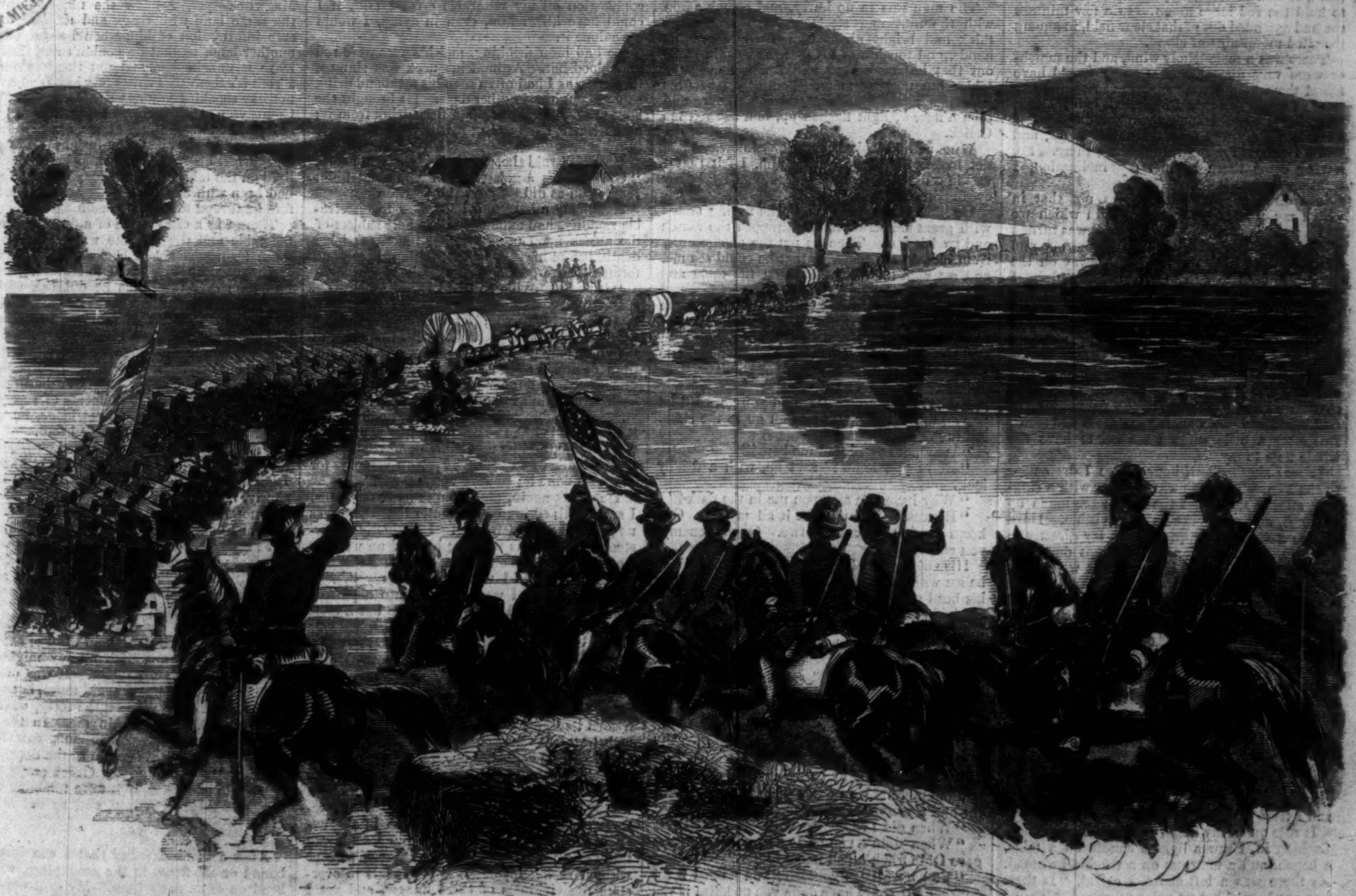
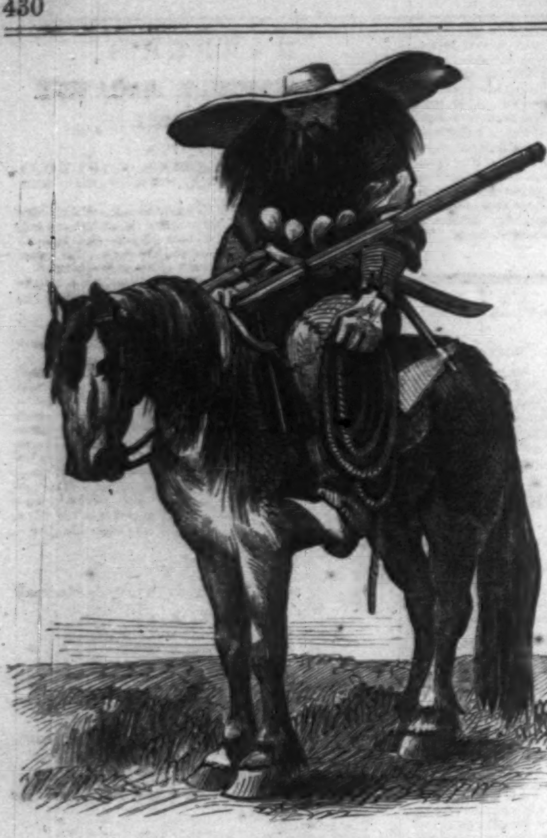


COLONEL THOMAS'S BRIGADE CROSSING THE POTOMAC AT WILLIAMSPORT, MARYLAND.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 427.]



A TEXAN RANGER.

We publish above a sketch, by one of our most reliable artists, of a Texan Ranger. A gentleman, just from Richmond, gave the following account of these redoubtable warriors:

> Ben M'Culloogh's Texan Rangers are described as a desperate set of fellows. They number one thousand half savages, each of whom is mounted upon a mustang horse. Each is armed with a pair of Colt's navy revolvers, a rifle, a tomahawk, a Texan bowie-knife, and a lasso. They are described as being very dexterous in the use of the latter. These men are to be pitted against Wilson's Zouaves and M'Mullin's Rangers.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER LII.

It was a dark night, though the full moon rose as I left the inclosed lands, and passed out upon the marshes. Beyond their dark line there was a ribbon of clear sky, hardly broad enough to hold the red large moon. In a few minutes she had ascended out of that clear field, in among the piled mountains of cloud.

There was a melancholy wind, and the marshes were very dismal. A stranger would have found them insupportable, and even to me they were so oppressive that I hesitated, half inclined to go back. But I knew them well, and could have found my way on a far darker night, and had no excuse for returning, being there. So, having come there against my inclination, I went on against it.

The direction that I took was not that in which my old home lay, nor that in which we had pursued the convicts. My back was turned toward the distant Hulks as I walked on, and though I could see the old lights away on the spits of sand, I saw them over my shoulder. I knew the lime-kiln as well as I knew the old Battery, but they were miles apart; so that if a light had been burning at each point that night there would have been a long strip of the blank horizon between the two bright specks.

At first I had to shut some gates after me, and now and then to stand still while the cattle that were lying in the banked-up pathway arose and blundered down among the grass and reeds. But after a little while I seemed to have the whole flats to myself.

It was another half hour before I drew near to the kiln. The lime was burning with a sluggish, stifling smell, but the fires were made up and left, and no workmen were visible. Hard by was a small stone quarry. It lay directly in my way, and had been worked that day, as I saw by the tools and barrows that were lying about.

Coming up again to the marsh level out of this excavation—for the rude path lay through it—I saw a light in the old sluice-house. I quickened my pace, and knocked at the door with my hand. Waiting for some reply, I looked about me, noticing how the sluice was abandoned and broken, and how the house—of wood with a tiled roof—would not be proof against the weather much longer, if it were so even now, and how the mud and ooze were coated with lime, and how the choking vapor of the kiln crept in a ghostly way toward me. Still there was no answer, and I knocked again. No answer still, and I tried the latch.

It rose under my hand, and the door yielded. Looking in, I saw a lighted candle on a table, a bench, and a mattress on a truckle bedstead. As there was a loft above, I called, "Is there any one here?" but no voice answered. Then I looked at my watch, and finding that it was past nine, called again, "Is there any one here?" There being still no answer, I went out at the door, irresolute what to do.

It was beginning to rain fast. Seeing nothing save what I had seen already, I turned back into the house and stood just within the shelter of the door, looking out into the night. While I was considering that some one must have been there lately and must soon be coming back, or the candle would not be burning, it came into my head to look if the wick were long. I turned round to do so, and had taken up the candle in my hand, when it was extinguished by some violent shock, and the next thing I comprehended was, that I had been caught in a strong running noose, thrown over my head from behind.

"Now," said a suppressed voice with an oath, "I've got you!"

"What is this?" I cried, struggling. "Who is it? Help, help, help!"

Not only were my arms pulled close to my sides, but the pressure on my bad arm caused me exquisite pain. Sometimes a strong man's hand, sometimes a strong man's breast was set against my mouth to deaden my cries, and with a hot breath always close to me, I struggled ineffectually in the dark, while I was fastened tight to the wall. "And now," said the suppressed voice, with another oath, "call out again, and I'll make short work of finishing you!"

Faint and sick with the pain of my injured arm, bewildered by the surprise, and yet conscious how easily this threat could be put in execution, I desisted, and tried to ease my arm were it ever so little. But it was bound too tight for that. I felt as if, having been burned before, it were now being boiled.

The sudden exclusion of the night and the substitution of black darkness in its place, warned me that the man had closed a shutter. After groping about for a little, he found the flint and steel he wanted, and began to strike a light. I strained my sight upon the sparks that fell among the tinder, and upon which he breathed and breathed, match in hand, but I could only see his lips, and the blue point of the match; even those but fitfully. The tinder was damp—no wonder there—and one after another the sparks died out.

The man was in no hurry, and struck again with the flint and steel. As the sparks fell thick and bright about him I could see his hands, and touches of his face, and could make out that he was seated and bending over the table; but nothing more. Presently I saw his blue lips again breathing on the tinder, and then a flare of light flashed up, and showed me Orlick.

Whom I had looked for I don't know. I had not looked for him. Seeing him, I felt that I was in a dangerous strait indeed, and I kept my eyes upon him.

He lighted the candle from the flaring match with great deliberation, and dropped the match and trod it out. Then he put the candle away from him on the table, so that he could see me, and sat with his arms folded on the table and looked at me. I made out that I was fastened to a stout perpendicular ladder a few inches from the wall—a fixture there—the means of ascent to the loft above.

"Now," said he, when we had surveyed one another for some time, "I've got you."

"Unbind me. Let me go!"

"Ah!" he returned, "*I'll* let you go. I'll let you go to the moon, I'll let you go to the stars. All in good time."

"Why have you lured me here?"

"Don't you know?" said he, with a deadly look.

"Why have you set upon me in the dark?"

"Because I mean to do it all myself. One keeps a secret better than two. Oh you enemy, you enemy!"

His enjoyment of the spectacle I furnished, as he sat with his arms folded on the table, shaking his head at me and hugging himself, had a malignity in it that made me tremble. As I watched him in silence he put his hand into the corner at his side and took up a gun with a brass-bound stock.

"Do you know this?" said he, making as if he would take aim at me. "Do you know where you saw it afore? Speak, wolf!"

"Yes," I answered.

"You cost me that place. You did. Speak!"

"What else could I do?"

"You did that, and that would be enough, without more. How dared you to come betwixt me and a young woman I liked?"

"When did I?"

"When didn't you? It was you as always gave Old Orlick a bad name to her."

"You gave it to yourself: you gained it for yourself. I could have done you no harm if you had done yourself none."

"You're a liar. And you'll take any pains, and spend any money, to drive me out of this country, will you?" said he, repeating my words to Biddy in the last interview I had with her. "Now, I'll tell you a piece of information. It was never so well worth your while to get me out of this country as it is to-night. Ah! If it was all your money twenty times told, to the last brass farden!" As he shook his heavy hand at me, with his mouth snarling like a tiger's, I felt that it was true.

"What are you going to do to me?"

"I'm a going," said he, bringing his fist down upon the table with a heavy blow, and rising as the blow fell, to give it greater force, "I'm a going to have your life!" He leaned forward staring at me, slowly unclenched his hand and drew it across his mouth as if his mouth watered for me, and sat down again.

"You was always in Old Orlick's way since ever you was a child. You goes out of his way this present night. He'll have no more on you. You're as good as dead."

I felt that I had come to the brink of my grave. For a moment I looked wildly round my trap for any chance of escape; but there was none.

"More than that," said he, folding his arms on the table again, "I won't have a rag of you, I won't have a bone of you, left on earth. I'll put your body in the kiln—I'd carry two such to it, on my shoulders—and, let people suppose what they may of you, they shall never know nothing."

My mind, with inconceivable rapidity, followed out all the consequences of such a death. Estella's father would believe I had deserted him, would be taken, would die accusing me; even Herbert would doubt me, when he compared the letter I had left for him, with the fact that I had called at Miss Havisham's gate for only a moment; Joe and Biddy would never know how sorry I had been that night; none would ever know what I had suffered, how true I had meant to be, what an agony I had passed through. The death close before me was terrible, but far more terrible than death was the dread of being misremembered after death. And so quick were my thoughts, that I saw myself despised by unborn generations—Estella's children, and their children—while the wretch's words were yet on his lips.

"Now, wolf," said he, "afore I kill you like any other beast—which is wot I mean to do and wot I have tied you up for—I'll have a good look at you and a good goad at you. Oh, you enemy!"

It had passed through my thoughts to cry out for help again; though few could know better than I the solitary nature of the spot and the hopelessness of aid. But as he sat gloating over me, I was supported by a scornful detestation of him that sealed my lips. Above all things, I resolved that I would not entreat him, and that I would die making some last poor resistance to him. Softened as my thoughts of all the rest of men were in that dire extremity; humbly beseeching pardon, as I did, of Heaven; melted at heart, as I was, by the thought that I had taken no farewell, and never never now could take farewell of those who were dear to me, or could explain myself to them, or ask for their compassion on my miserable errors; still, if I could have killed him, even in dying, I would have done it.

He had been drinking, and his eyes were red and bloodshot. Around his neck was slung a tin bottle, as I had often seen his meat and drink slung about him in other days. He brought the bottle to his lips, and took a fiery drink from it; and I smelled the strong spirits that I saw flare into his face.

"Wolf!" said he, folding his arms again, "Old Orlick's a-going to tell you somethink. It was you as did for your shrew sister."

Again my mind, with its former inconceivable rapidity, had exhausted the whole subject of the attack upon my sister, her illness, and her death, before his slow and hesitating speech had formed these words.

"It was you, villain!" said I.

"I tell you it was your doing—I tell you it was done through you," he retorted, catching up the gun, and making a blow with the stock at the vacant air between us. "I come upon her from behind, as I come upon you to-night. I giv' it her! I left her for dead, and if there had been a lime-kiln as nigh her as there is now nigh you, she shouldn't have come to life again. But it wasn't Old Orlick as did it; it was you. You was favored, and he was bullied and beat. Old Orlick bullied and beat, eh? Now you pays for it. You done it; now you pays for it."

He drank again, and became more ferocious. I saw by his tilting of the bottle that there was no great quantity left in it. I distinctly understood that he was working himself up with its contents to make an end of me. I knew that every drop it held was a drop of my life. I knew that when I was changed into a part of the vapor that had crept toward me but a little while before, like my own warning ghost, he would do as he had done in my sister's case—make all haste to the town, and be seen slouching about there, drinking at the ale-houses. My rapid mind pursued him to the town, made a picture of the street with him in it, and contrasted its lights and life with the lonely marsh and the white vapor creeping over it, into which I should have dissolved.

It was not only that I could have summed up years and years and years while he said a dozen words, but that what he did say presented pictures to me, and not mere words. In the excited and exalted state of my brain I could not think of a place without seeing it, or of persons without seeing them. It is impossible to overstate the vividness of these images, and yet I was so intent, all the time, upon him himself—who would not be intent on the tiger crouching to spring!—that I knew of the slightest action of his fingers.

When he had drunk this second time he rose from the bench on which he sat and pushed the table aside. Then he took up the candle, and shading it with his murderous hand so as to throw its light on me, stood before me, looking at me and enjoying the sight.

"Wolf, I'll tell you something more. It was Old Orlick as you tumbled over on your stairs that night."

I saw the staircase with its extinguished lamps. I saw the shadows of the heavy stair-rails, thrown by the watchman's lantern on the wall. I saw the rooms that I was never to see again; here, a door half open; there, a door closed; all the articles of furniture around.

"And why was Old Orlick there? I'll tell you something more, wolf. You and her *have* pretty well hunted me out of this country, so far as getting a easy living in it goes, and I've took up with new companions. Some of 'em writes my letters when I wants 'em wrote—do you mind?—writes my letters, wolf! They writes fifty hands; they're not like sneaking you, as writes but one. I've had a firm mind and a firm will to have your life since you was down here at your sister's burying. I han't seen a way to get you safe, and I've looked arter you to know your ins and outs. For, says Old Orlick to himself, 'Somehow or another I'll have him!' What! When I looks for you, I finds your uncle Provis, eh?"

Mill Pond Bank, and Chinks's Basin, and the Old Green Copper Rope-Walk, all so clear and plain! Provis in his rooms, and the signal whose use was over, pretty Clara, the good motherly woman, old Bill Barley on his back, all drifting by, as on the swift stream of my life fast running out to sea!

"*You* with a uncle, too! Why, I know'd you at Gargery's when you was so small a wolf that I could have took your weazen betwixt this finger and thumb and chucked you away dead (as I'd thoughts o' doing, odd times, when I see you loitering among the pollards on a Sunday), and you hadn't found no uncles then. No, not you! But when Old Orlick come for to hear that your uncle Provis had most like wore the leg-iron wot Old Orlick had picked up, filed asunder on these meshes ever so many year ago, and wot he kep by him till he dropped your sister with it like a bullock, as he means to drop you—hey?—when he come for to hear that—hey?"

In his savage taunting he flared the candle so close at me that I turned my face aside to save it from the flame.

"Ah!" he cried, laughing, after doing it again, "the burnt child dreads the fire! Old Orlick knowed you was burnt, Old Orlick knowed you wos smuggling your uncle Provis away, Old Orlick's a match for you, and knowed you'd come to-night! Now I'll tell you something more, wolf, and this ends it. There's them that's as good a match for your uncle Provis as Old Orlick has been for you. Let him 'ware them, when he's lost his nevvy! Let him 'ware them, when no man can't find a rag of his dear relation's clothes, nor yet a bone of his body? There's them that can't and that won't have Magwitch—yes, *I* know the name!—alive in the same land with them, and that's had such sure information of him when he was alive in another land, as that he couldn't and shouldn't leave it unbeknown, and put them in danger. P'raps it's them that writes fifty hands, and that's not like sneaking you as writes but one. 'Ware Compeyson, Magwitch, and the gallows!"

He flared the candle at me again, smoking my face and hair, and for an instant blinding me, and turned his powerful back as he replaced the light on the table. I had thought a prayer, and had been with Joe and Biddy and Herbert, before he turned toward me again.

There was a clear space of a few feet between the table and the opposite wall. Within this space he now slouched backward and forward. His great strength seemed to sit stronger upon him than ever before, as he did this with his hands hanging loose and heavy at his sides, and with his eyes scowling at me. I had no grain of hope left. Wild as my inward hurry was, and wonderful the force of the pictures that rushed by me instead of thoughts, I could yet clearly understand that unless he had resolved that I was within a few moments of surely perishing out of all human knowledge, he would never have told me what he had told.

Of a sudden he stopped, took the cork out of his bottle, and tossed it away. Light as it was, I heard it fall like a plummet. He swallowed slowly, tilting up the bottle by little and little, and now he looked at me no more. The last few drops of liquor he poured into the palm of his left hand, and licked up. Then with a sudden hurry of violence and swearing horribly, he threw the bottle from him, and stooped, and I saw in his hand a stone hammer with a long heavy handle.

The resolution I had made did not desert me, for, without uttering one vain word of appeal to him, I shouted out with all my might, and struggled with all my might. It was only my head and my legs that I could move, but to that extent I struggled with all the force, until then unknown, that was within me. In the same instant I heard responsive shouts, saw figures and a gleam of light dash in at the door, heard voices and tumult, and saw Orlick emerge from a struggle of men as if it were tumbling water, clear the table at a leap, and fly out into the night.

After a blank I found that I was lying unbound on the floor, in the same place, with my head on some one's knee. My eyes were fixed on the ladder against the wall when I came to myself—had opened on them long before my mind saw it—and thus, as I recovered consciousness, I knew that I was in the place where I had lost it.

Too indifferent at first even to look round and ascertain who supported me, I was lying looking at the ladder, when there came between me and it a face. The face of Trabb's boy!

"I think he's all right!" said Trabb's boy, in a sober voice; "but ain't he just pale though!"

At these words the face of him who supported me looked over into mine, and I saw my supporter to be—

"Herbert! Good Heaven!"

"Softly," said Herbert. "Gently, Handel. Don't be too eager."

"And our old comrade, Startop," I cried, as he too bent over me.

"Remember what he is going to assist us in," said Herbert, "and be calm."

The allusion made me spring up, though I dropped again from the pain in my arm. "The time has not gone by, Herbert, has it? What night is to-night? How long have I been here?" For I had a strange and strong misgiving that I had been lying there a long time—a day and night—two days and nights—more.

"The time has not gone by. It is still Monday night."

"Thank God!"

"And you have all to-morrow, Tuesday, to rest in," said Herbert. "But you can't help groaning, my dear Handel. What hurt have you got? Can you stand?"

"Yes, yes," said I, "I can walk. I have no hurt but in this throbbing arm."

They laid it bare, and did what they could. It was violently swollen and inflamed, and I could scarcely endure to have it touched. But they tore up their handkerchiefs to make fresh bandages, and carefully replaced it in the sling, until we could get to the town and obtain some cooling lotion to put upon it. In a little while we had shut the door of the dark and empty sluice-house, and were passing through the quarry on our way back. Trabb's boy—Trabb's overgrown young man now—went before us with a lantern, which was the light I had seen come in at the door. But the moon was a good two hours higher than when I had last seen the sky, and the night, though rainy, was much lighter. The white vapor of the kiln was passing from us as we went by, and, as I had thought a prayer before, I thought a thanksgiving now.

Entreating Herbert to tell me how he had come to my rescue—which at first he had flatly refused to do, but had insisted on my remaining quiet—I learned that I had in my hurry dropped the letter, open, in our chambers, where he, coming home to bring with him Startop, whom he had met in the street on his way to me, found it very soon after I was gone. Its tone made him uneasy; and the more so because of the inconsistency between it and the hasty letter I had left for him. His uneasiness increasing instead of subsiding after a quarter of an hour's consideration, he set off for the coach-office with Startop, who volunteered his company, to make inquiry when the next coach went down. Finding that the afternoon's coach was gone, and finding that his uneasiness grew into positive alarm as obstacles came in his way, he resolved to follow in a post-chaise. So he and Startop arrived at the Blue Boar, fully expecting there to find me, or tidings of me; but finding neither, went on to Miss Havisham's, where they lost me. Hereupon they went back to the hotel (doubtless at about the time when I was hearing the popular local version of my own story) to refresh themselves, and to get some one to guide them out upon the marshes. Among the loungers under the Boar's archway happened to be Trabb's boy—true to his ancient habit of happening to be every where where he had no business—and Trabb's boy had seen me passing from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my dining-place. Thus Trabb's boy became their guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-house: though by the town way to the marshes, which I had avoided. Now as they went along Herbert reflected that I might, after all, have been brought there on some genuine and serviceable errand tending to Provis's safety, and bethinking himself that in that case interruption might be mischievous, left his guide and Startop on the edge of the quarry, and went on by himself, and stole round the house two or three times, endeavoring to ascertain whether all was right within. As he could hear nothing but indistinct sounds of one deep rough voice (this was while my mind was so busy), he even at last began to doubt whether I was there, when suddenly I cried out loudly, and he answered the cries, and rushed in, closely followed by the other two.

When I told Herbert what had passed within the house, he was for our immediately going before a magistrate in the town, late at night as it was, and getting out a warrant. But I had already considered that such a course, by detaining us there or binding us to come back, might be fatal to Provis. There was no gainsaying this difficulty, and we relinquished all thoughts of pursuing Orlick at that time. For the present, under the circumstances, we deemed it prudent to make rather light of the matter to Trabb's boy; who I am convinced would have been much affected by disappointment if he had known that his intervention saved me from the lime-kiln. Not that Trabb's boy was of a malignant nature, but that he had too much vivacity to spare, and that it was in his constitution to want variety and excitement at any body's expense. When we parted I presented him with two guineas (which seemed to meet his views), and told him that I was sorry ever to have had an ill opinion of him (which made no impression on him at all).

Wednesday being so close upon us, we determined to go back to London that night, three in the post-chaise; the rather as we should then be clear away before the night's adventure began to be talked of. Herbert got a large bottle of stuff for my arm, and by dint of having this stuff dropped over it all the night through, I was just able to bear its pain on the journey. It was daylight when we reached the Temple, and I went at once to bed, and lay in bed all day.

My terror, as I lay there, of falling ill and being unfitted for to-morrow was so besetting, that I wonder it did not disable me of itself. It would have done so, pretty surely, in conjunction with the mental wear and tear I had suffered, but for the unnatural strain upon me that to-morrow was. So anxiously looked forward to, charged with such consequences, its results so impenetrably hidden though so near!

No precaution could have been more obvious than our refraining from communication with him that day; yet this again increased my restlessness. I started at every footstep and every sound, believing that he was discovered and taken, and this was the messenger to tell me so. I persuaded myself that I knew he was taken; that there was something more upon my mind than a fear or a presentiment; that the fact had occurred, and I had a mysterious knowledge of it. As the day wore on and no ill news came, as the day closed in and darkness fell, my overshadowing dread of being disabled by illness before to-morrow morning altogether mastered me. My burning arm throbbed, and my burning head throbbed, and I fancied I was beginning to wander. I counted up to high numbers, to make sure that I was steady, and repeated passages that I knew, in prose and verse. It happened sometimes that, in the mere escape of a fatigued mind, I dozed for some moments, or forgot; then I would say to myself with a start, "Now it has come, and I am turning delirious!"

They kept me very quiet all day, and kept my arm constantly dressed, and gave me cooling drinks. Whenever I fell asleep I awoke with the notion I had had in the sluice-house, that a long time had elapsed and the opportunity to save him was gone. About midnight I got out of bed and went to Herbert with the conviction that I had been asleep for four-and-twenty hours, and that Wednesday was past. It was the last self-exhausting effort of my fretfulness, for after that I slept soundly.

And the Wednesday morning was dawning when I looked out of window. The winking lights upon the bridges were already pale; the coming sun was like a marsh of fire in the horizon. The river, still dark and mysterious, was spanned by bridges that were turning coldly gray, with here and there, at top, a warm touch from the burning in the sky. As I looked along the clustered confusion of roofs, with church towers and spires shooting into the unusually clear air, the sun rose up, and a veil seemed to be drawn from the river, and millions of sparkles burst upon its waters. From me, too, a veil seemed to be drawn, and I felt strong and well.

Herbert lay asleep in his bed, and our old fellow-student lay asleep on the sofa. I could not dress myself without help, but I made up the fire, which was still burning, and got some coffee ready for them. In good time they too started up strong and well, and we admitted the sharp morning air at the windows, and looked at the tide that was still flowing toward us.

"When it turns, at nine o'clock," said Herbert, cheerfully, "look out for us, and stand ready, you over there at Mill Pond Bank!"

THE GRAND REVIEW OF 17TH JUNE.

WE publish on pages 424 and 425 a fine picture—from a sketch by our special artist in Washington—of THE GRAND REVIEW OF GENERAL M'DOWELL'S DIVISION, which took place on the south side of the Potomac on 17th June. It was the greatest military display ever witnessed in this country. About eight thousand troops were on the ground. The reviewing officer was the Secretary of War. The regiments reviewed were three regiments from New Jersey, the New York Twenty-fifth, Sixty-ninth, and Eighth, the Fifth Pennsylvania, and Fifth Massachusetts.

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

ON page 420 we illustrate the outbreak of the war in Missouri. We give a view of JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI, and the LANDING OF UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS there, from sketches by Mr. O. C. Richardson, of St. Louis; and on the same page an instructive Map of the Seat of War in Missouri. In our last number we mentioned the departure of Governor Jackson from St. Louis, his traitorous proclamation, and the departure of General Lyon in pursuit of him on the steamer *Iatan*. A correspondent thus describes the landing at Jefferson City:

> On the morning of the 15th, ten miles below Jefferson City, General Lyon transferred his regulars to the *Iatan*, and proceeded with that boat, leaving the *Swan* to follow in his wake. As we approached the city crowds gathered on the levee and saluted us with prolonged and oft-repeated cheering. Colonel Thomas L. Price (no relative to the rebel, Sterling Price), a prominent Unionist of Jefferson City, was the first to greet General Lyon as he stepped on shore. A bar has formed at the regular landing, and we were obliged to run out our gang plank below the penitentiary, at a point where the railroad company has placed a large quantity of loose stone, preparatory to forming a landing of its own. The steep, rough bank prevented the debarkation of our artillery, but the infantry scrambled up in fine style. First was the company of regulars formerly commanded by General Lyon, but now led by Lieutenant Hare. These were sent to occupy a high hill or bluff near the railroad dépôt and commanding the town. They went forward in fine style, ascending the steep acclivity at the "double-quick step." In one minute from the time of reaching the summit they were formed in a hollow square, ready to repel all attacks from foes, whether real or imaginary. Next came the left wing of the First Volunteer regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, five hundred strong. These soldiers were formed by sections and marched to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," with the Stars and Stripes conspicuous, through the principal streets to the State House, of which they took possession amidst the cheers of the people of the town. After some delay in finding the keys, which had not been very carefully hid, Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews with a band, color bearer, and guard, ascended to the cupola and displayed the American flag, while the band played the "Star Spangled Banner," and the populace and troops below gave round after round of enthusiastic applause. Thus was the "sacred soil" of Missouri's capital invaded by Federal troops, and the bosom of "the pride of the Big Muddy" desecrated by the footprints of the volunteer soldiers of St. Louis. She rather seemed to like it.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wanted 1000 Agents, to sell Miniature Pins of Gen. Scott, Butler, and all the Heroes. Enclose from $1 to $10 for samples. W. A. HAYWARD, 208 Broadway, N.Y.

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SEA-BATHING. — UNITED STATES HOTEL, Long Branch, N. J., will open for the reception of visitors June 10, 1861: with the enlargement of dining-room, parlor, additional rooms, &c., since last season, will amply accommodate 500 guests. Address
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